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A SON OF SATAN.

The Hidden Chamber of the Crystal Sphere---Cheating the Gallows---The Thrilling Story of an Imprisoned Soul.

By MARO ROLFE.
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CHAPTER I.
A FATEFUL COMPACT.

Other men have been as cruel, and nothing good could come of a mere recital of ghastly scenes and deeds. It is not to tell of the heartlessness of Dante Dibolis that these pages will be written, but to record the singular and terrible history of the crystal sphere.

To describe Doctor Dibolis would be to make the reader nervous. He was always hideous, at times he was horrifying. How it was that he was chosen to be the medical attendant of Haddon Hakes, a wretch guilty of twenty-seven murders and condemned to die for the last one, he never knew. Perhaps fate had a hand in it.

Only two days more, and then the execution. Hakes had not been well for a week. He was not losing courage but he was clearly out of sorts, and Doctor Dibolis' medicine had not produced any good effect.

"If I must hang," said Hakes, "I would like to hang healthy and in good spirits. If I must go to my doom so decidely in bad shape, I would rather die in my cell."

Then the deathwatch noticed something that had attracted his attention several times before. Doctor Dibolis was tapping gently on the stone floor of the cell with the heel of his shoe. To the attendant there was no regularity in the sounds this produced and they indicated to him nothing beyond the involuntary action of a highly wrought and nervous man. Had he ever noted the fact that the condemned prisoner from time to time tapped on the cell floor in a similar way, his suspicions might have been aroused, but he attributed all the sounds to Doctor Dibolis, and, not being familiar with telegraphy, did not know that these two men were carrying on a conversation entirely distinct from their verbal one.

"And to die in your cell would be a disappointment to you, would it not?" tapped the doctor.

"Yes," Haddon Hakes tapped in reply. "I know that for me there is no escape from death, but I have planned to show the public how little terror the scene has for me---I wanted to show that I value my own life no more than I have valued the lives of others."

"You're breaking down physically at an alarming rate," tapped Doctor Dibolis; "you cannot control yourself two days from now, however strong-minded and determined you may be. If you could die in this cell you would save yourself disgrace at the final hour."

Doctor Dibolis was a man of strange research. He devoted his leisure to the study of subjects---a knowledge of which the average man is willing to forego until death shall reveal it.

He sought to gain the dread secret of the grave.

He was revolving a weird plan in his mind. Perhaps he might so order the death of this condemned felon as to make it a means of enlightenment to humanity. When he considered Hakes' fear that he might be a physical wreck when the hour of his doom should arrive, a way to the accomplishment of a purpose dear to him seemed to open before his mental vision.

"Hakes," he tapped, "just so sure as you live until day after tomorrow you will present a pitiable spectacle."

The deathwatch saw a look of despair on the condemned man's face, such as he had never seen upon it before; but he did not understand.

"You will be weak, nerveless, utterly unable to control yourself. However much you may be in mind the brave and resolute man you have ever been, you will be to all who see you a trembling, wretched, abject and cringing coward."

The murderer groaned.

"Be careful!" tapped Doctor Dibolis, "or the guard may suspect something. Why not die here in your cell, Hakes, calmly and peacefully as the best man may die in the happiest home?"

"How could I do that? I am watched every hour, day and night."

"I might be able to assist you," tapped the doctor.

The murderer of twenty-seven looked at the cool, calculating man of science before him and half shuddered. He could understand murder for robbery or for revenge, but here was a proposition which his crude philosophy had never contemplated.

"That would be murder," he tapped.

Doctor Dibolis shrugged his shoulders and a smile, grim and terrible, irradiated his face.

"Pish," he tapped, "we scientific people would call it by another name---euthanasia---the simple substitution of a death easy, painless and peaceful for a death hard, agonizing and horrible. Call it murder if you will, but is not the man who commits it a philanthropist rather than a criminal?"

"And could you do this successfully? Remember, we will be under surveillance all the time."

"Yes, with absolute certainty and success."

"And under what conditions?"

"You will be ill and die---that is all. You will be unconscious and know no pain or anxiety. Now, to carry out my plans," Dibolis added, with cunning avarice, "some money will be required, but as you have plenty of that and cannot take it with you, I presume we can easily arrange the financial part of the matter."

The condemned man sat pale and thoughtful. Doctor Dibolis watched him intently.

"What are your terms?" tapped Hakes at last. "It didn't matter so much, but you know I can't get money now. My property must be left for my foster daughter, Ethyl Edwyn, the betrothed wife of Hugh Denby."

"That signifies nothing. I can use my own money for you and pay myself out of your estate. Leave your wealth to me in trust for the girl and I will attend to this business and all else."

"I am anxious to protect Ethyl's interests in every way."

"I will take care of her and give her the property when she comes of age. If she marries sooner, I will settle her in life."

"Swear to that."

"I sincerely swear," tapped the doctor.

"Call a lawyer," tapped Hakes, "and I will make my will."

Within an hour everything owned by the condemned murderer except his evil name, had been bequeathed by Dibolis in trust for Ethyl Edwyn.

"When am I to die?" tapped Hakes when the lawyer had gone.

"I will be more merciful to you than the law," was the answer of Dibolis. "I will not torture you by designating the hour and leaving you to count the minutes. Here is something to steady you a bit---drink!"

The man under sentence of death drank and soon slept soundly.

He dealt the guard a stunning blow in the face.

CHAPTER II.
THE CRYSTAL SPHERE.

When Doctor Dibolis saw that Haddon Hakes slept he turned toward the guard with a smile that made the latter shudder.

"If he does not awaken in three hours, send for me," he said. "It is now a quarter to ten."

He thrust his watch in his pocket and took his departure without saying anything more. In fifteen minutes he was seated in his private room, a gloomy apartment, hung with black all around, carefully reading the last will and testament of Haddon Hakes.

"'Tis well," he murmured. "Everything is left to Dante Dibolis in trust for Ethyl Edwyn, adopted daughter of Haddon Hakes. Of course, if Ethyl Edwyn should die before attaining her majority Dante Dibolis could take his own time and handle the property in his own way. If she should live Dante Dibolis might marry her, but it would be awkward for me if she should live and marry Hugh Denby. She is only eighteen---I am sixty-eight---funny if she should die first. Ha, ha, ha!" and Doctor Dibolis laughed a rough, insinuating laugh which gradually grew less and less in volume until he fell asleep in his chair.

He was awakened by the bell. The ring was peremptory, and, somehow, he believed it was far removed from the first.

He yelled through the tube: "Well, what's wanted?"

"Doctor Dibolis is wanted at the jail."

He glanced at his watch and saw that it was now one o'clock. Three hours and a quarter had elapsed since he had left the jail.

"I will come right away," he answered.

He found the deathwatch and the jailer in a state of alarm.

"Hakes is asleep," they exclaimed; "he has been asleep ever since you left, more than three hmours ago, and we cannot awaken him."

"I will see what can be done," replied Doctor Dibolis, with a smile that made the jailer slink into a corner. "Have you tried to awaken him?"

"Yes," answered the deathwatch, "we have tried in different ways, but without avail."

Doctor Dibolis approached the doomed man and regarded him intently. Again the jailer and the deathwatch saw his face lighten up with that horrible smile.

"Hakes!" the doctor cried. "Rouse up! It is 11"

There was no sign of awakening.

Again and again Doctor Dibolis attempted in different ways to arouse the condemned murderer, but there was no response.

"His case is just a little uncommon," he said at length. "I will have to resort to scientific means. He is in no immediate danger. Do not be alarmed. I will bring him around in due time if you will follow my instructions. You wouldn't want him to cheat the gallows now, would you?"

"No," answered the jailer, determinedly, "if any man ever deserved hanging that man does. I will follow your instructions to the letter, but I shall do it best to call the sheriff. You know I am answerable to him for everything here."

"The man is in no immediate danger," Doctor Dibolis said a second time, nodding assent to the jailer's proposition. "Do nothing until I return. I will be back in half an hour—three-quarters at the very latest."

He proceeded at once to his house, and when he was again in the dark tapestried room lost no time in unlocking a deep closet in which was concealed by means of the hangings.

He produced a large square chest, iron bound and securely fastened by a huge padlock. Opening it hurriedly, he carefully lifted from it a bundle of clothing in human form and encased in a thick wrapping of blankets.

It was a glass globe about two and one-half feet in diameter, a transparent crystal sphere, hollow and about an inch in thickness.

Doctor Dibolis ransed it with the greatest caution and set it on a small circular stand at one side of the shower apparatus.

He wiped it carefully with his handkerchief, cleansed the chest thoroughly and then rejoined it. As he locked the padlock he said almost under his breath:

"Ah, Haddon Hakes, you often told me you were the devil's man and that nothing could save your soul from the clutches of hell doom. You may have been mistaken, Haddon Hakes—you may be cursed and I may be able to cheat the arch fiend of your soul yet—who can tell? I can do so I may at the same time penetrate the mystery of death. You have, Haddon Hakes, no human power could have saved you, and if I can keep your soul from torment I will do so. Your service less than I have promised to do. But I must be discreet, very discreet, or I am prevented from carrying out my plans."

He called a cab and, summoning a servant from the rear part of the house, bade him put the square iron-bound chest on the seat beside the driver.

The servant was dark of visage and of most forbidding aspect. It was in every way to be the helper of such a master—so Doctor Dibolis thought. With a foreign accent, paid close attention to his master's instructions, and obeyed them with the utmost fidelity to detail.

In less than three-quarters of an hour from the time Doctor Dibolis had departed from the jail he returned and the square chest containing the crystal sphere was brought after him into the cell of Haddon Hakes.

The condemned murderer slept on. No attempt had been made to arouse him since Dibolis had departed, but the jailer, the deathwatch, and the sheriff sat beside his iron bed, their faces showing something of the worry and suspense under which they suffered.

His condition does not appear to have changed materially," said Doctor Dibolis, bending over him. "I will administer a strong tonic and stimulant that will greatly increase his vital energy."

Hakes was supported in a sitting posture and Doctor Dibolis poured a teaspoonful of some colorless liquid between his lips. Then he down in the farther corner of the cell and waited with such a demonian smile on his face that no one present dared to look at him.

"Hakes seems to be sinking," said the sheriff at length.

Doctor Dibolis unlocked the chest containing the crystal sphere.

CHAPTER III.

A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

There was an expression of demoniac cunning on Doctor Dibolis' face as he bent over the chest containing the mysterious crystal sphere.

"If there is anything in science," he said, "we will have him out of his stupor in time. Before I resort to more heroic measures I will give him another invigorating potion."

Again Haddon Hakes was raised to a sitting posture without showing any signs of reanimation. And in the glass globe poured a few drops of white liquid between his lips.

As the condemned murderer was lowered to the iron bed, Doctor Dibolis tore open his shirt with a long, keen-edge syringe, injected a watery fluid in a tiny opening which he made with its point in the most conscious man's breast.

Then the doctor drew and held one of Hakes' hands, with a firm pressure on the convict's pulse.

At last Hakes shook his head crazily and with a peculiar expression on his face, which, somehow, caused the sheriff to feel creepy.

"He gets no better," said Dibolis, "but I have a means here that will revive any man but a dead man, and if you will notice how strongly Hakes' heart beats you will believe he has a good deal of life in him yet."

From inside the chest somewhere the doctor produced the end of a slender, but strong, metallic structure, which he speedily fitted together. At the top was a short projecting arm, from which depended a strong yet fragile golden chain.

Passing this frame-work close to the iron bed of the unconscious assassin, he so placed it that the extremity of the end-reaching arm was directly over the face of Hakes and the end of the golden chain swung not three feet above it.

The sheriff, the jailer and the guard watched him wonderingly.

With the greatest care Dibolis lifted the crystal sphere from the chest and, by means of a golden ring fastened to its surface, hung the glass globe on a hook at the end of the golden chain.

As the crystal sphere was about two feet six inches in diameter its under surface was not more than five or six inches above the face of the heavily breathing convict.

Then Dibolis took from its place in the chest a glass contrivance, heavy and strong, formed somewhat like a short trumpet, the large end of which he fitted closely over Hakes' mouth, and the smaller end of which he attached to a tiny opening in the lower part of the crystal sphere. In a moment the formation of solid on the inner surface of the sphere showed that the convict had respiratory communication with the interior by means of the transparent mouthpiece.

The others did not question him. He was a man of recognized scientific attainments. They were not half educated and they had no thought that he was not doing what was for the best. To them the crystal sphere, while it filled them with wonder, was like a thousand other scientific mysteries.

"There," said Doctor Dibolis, slowly. "It may be hours before I can take this apparatus away. There is nothing any of you can do. I suppose the deathwatch will have to remain, but, Mr. Sheriff and Mr. Jailer, it would be a kindness to my patient if you would withdraw and see that no one approaches the cell upon any pretext. Should I need you I will call you."

The two officials, with some apparent reluctance, and, except for the deathwatch, the last persons in the world the doctor would have chosen to be present, said, "To take a drop of brandy."

He handed a small flask to the guard, from which the latter drank sparingly. As for Doctor Dibolis he took three good swallows and the warm stimulant seemed to steady his nerves a little.

After that the doctor sat down by the side of the bed and again pressed the convict's pulse, watching him closely through the transparent mouthpiece as he breathed heavily and with considerable irregularity.

Presently he glanced over his shoulder at the deathwatch and said that the man was asleep.

"Ah!" he chuckled "A little of that morphia does for that chap. His system isn't accustomed to it, and mine is. Well, it won't hurt him. He don't deserve much."

He was quite still, watching the convict intently. At times he would glance nervously at the crystal globe, which was tinged dimly in the faint light which fell upon it through the little grated window above.

There was no sound whatever in the cell but the heavy breathing of Haddon Hakes, who was slumbering as peacefully as a child in his mother's arms, save except occasionally, the shuffling of feet in the corridor and the noises made by carpenters who were erecting the scaffold in a distant part of the jail.

Two hours passed thus. The guard did not awaken, and Doctor Dibolis was not interrupted in his silent vigil beside his convict patient. Then Hakes began to breathe more gently and his pulse beat was less bounding.

Doctor Dibolis leaned over him and gazed searchingly into his face.

"It may be minutes; it may be hours," he murmured. "I must be prepared, however."

As he spoke he struck the crystal sphere a sharp blow with the handle of a small knife. It gave forth a clear, ringing, musical sound which awoke the guard.

CHAPTER IV.

DIBOLIS' FEARFUL TRIUMPH.

The guard rubbed his eyes and was conscious of a splitting headache, a very bad taste in his mouth and a distracting dryness in his throat. But he forgot all of the unpleasant things when he gaze fell on Doctor Dibolis.

It was evident to the guard that the doctor was just aware that the penetrating sound of the wheast crystal sphere had aroused him from his lethargy.

"Ah!" exclaimed Dibolis almost under his breath; "the sphere is perfect, the connections are intact, the patient is shaking rapidly, and there can be no failure. At last, at last, after all these years, I shall know. I shall know!"

To an inmate the deathwatch was by the doctor's side.

"Shaking! Did you say he is sinking?"

"Sh—" hissed Dibolis. "Fool! Would you ruin all just when my triumph is almost complete? Go back at once, let your wife stand in my way now. Beware!"

He fixed the guard with a calm so awful that the latter shuddered and put his hand in his pocket where the handle—stock of a revolver was visible.

But Dibolis was too quick for him. He dealt the guard a sudden stunning blow in the face which sent him to the floor, then he quickly disarmed him.

"Now," said Dibolis pointing the revolver at the guard's head, "I have no right to send you out of here and don't want to do it, but you are to interfere with me in no way and you are not to speak to anyone about what has just occurred, or what may occur in this cell. If you disobey this

Doctor Dibolis examined it with the greatest care.

injunction I will surely kill you. Now, sit down again."

There was a look of such hideous malevolence in Dibolis' face that it terrified the guard more than any mere threat could have done. He knew that the doctor would surely murder him if he disobeyed and he was completely in the power of the malicious mood of this apparent madman. Without a word he sank down on the chair where he had lately slept.

As he did so Dibolis turned again toward his patient. He put his ear to his chest and listened to his respirations, he felt the beating of his heart and he looked long and searchingly into his white face which now had a ghastly and shrunken appearance.

As Dibolis stood up again, there was a strange look of triumph on his face.

The guard made a motion as if to rise upon seeing that the doctor waved him aside and turned the key in the great lock and was confronted by the sheriff who knocked.

"Miss Edwyn is here—Miss Ethyl Edwyn."

"Oh, Hakes' foster daughter. And what does she want?" asked Dibolis.

"She wants to have said good-by to Hakes today."

"No one can see Hakes today," said the doctor, decisively. "Tell her to come tomorrow."

"Tomorrow may be too late," said the guard. The sheriff went away as he spoke and did not hear him, for Dibolis drowned the sound of his voice with the clanging lock.

Turning, the doctor placed a hand on either shoulder of the guard and gazed into his eyes with a look of such demoniac wickedness that he begged him to free him from his threatening inquisition.

"I was trying to read your mind with respect to your intention to obey me," said Dibolis. "I perceive that you mean to do that. You will not speak again until I speak to you." This was an assertion, not a command.

The guard felt a welcome relief when the doctor took his hands off his shoulders and his gaze off his face. He watched him walk mastefully back and again station himself beside the bed.

As Dibolis watched the pulse of the convict, an awful smile of expectancy came upon his face, and the deathwatch saw him gaze up and into the depths of the crystal sphere.

Dibolis was breathing hard and fast and appeared from moment to moment to be under greater and greater mental and nervous tension.

At times he fairly reeled in his seat. He paid no heed to the guard. The latter believed that his presence had been forgotten. Sometimes he felt a temptation to spring to the door, turn the key and make his escape from the cell and the ghastly thing within it. But he was powerless to move or to speak.

"My God!" he thought; "that terrible man has put me under some awful spell. He said I would not speak again until he addressed me and I cannot do it—if my tongue was riveted to the roof of my mouth I would not make a sound. He—he—is—dead. I believe the mission of that repulsive being, with his mysterious apparatus, is not to save life, but to kill. If Hakes is not dying, I never put a dying man."

Again Dibolis examined his senseless patient carefully and more critically than before. He was like some desperate gambler at bay. Then, without ever looking toward the guard or more than once glancing at Hakes.

He saw the body of Hakes contract and then relax. Under the glass mouthpiece the convict appeared to be gasping. He seemed to strain above a little on the bed; then there came an awful stillness over his whole shape.

At that instant the crystal sphere seemed to give forth one long, deep and muffled, almost mandible, like a church bell afar off—an uncanny sound that was deemed by a guttural shriek from Dibolis.

"Fiends!" cried Dibolis, removing the crystal mouthpiece from the face of the

"To Do Ill Costs More Than To Do Well."

This "wise saw" might properly read, "It costs more to BE ill than to BE well." The source of all health is rich, strong blood. It is to the body what the mighty streams are to the earth. If the blood is pure, the body thrives; if the blood is weak or impoverished, then every pulse-beat carries weakness instead of strength.

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corpse and deftly closing the apparatus in the sphere. "Fiends, I defy you all! Now, at last, I demonstrate my power over death! Here I have a man's soul imprisoned!" This intensely interesting story will be finished next week. See page fifteen for special notice to subscribers.

CONCERT OF THE BIRDS.

The birds gave a concert
One summer day,
In a green treetop
Over the way.

Thrushes and linnets
And bluejays together,
Every one dressed
In his very best feather.

The larks and the blackbirds
Came in a crowd,
And goldcrested robins
Feeding so broad.

The wrens and the sparrows
Came with the rest,
Each one determined
To do just his best.

The robins were leaders,
And pitched the tune high;
The larks went a-soaring
Up in the sky.

The voices of bluejays
And blackbirds all blended
And every one thought
The concert was splendid.

TRUE STORY OF PLUCK.

BY F. ALBERT.

Georgraphies show that in western Ontario, some fifty miles north of the lake of that name, Lake Huron, about fifty miles long by thirty miles in width. Near the center of this lake is Strawberry Island, a popular summer resort. Among the visitors at the Strawberry Island hotel in the summer of 1898, were the Galbraiths and the Patersons, the families of two business men of Toronto, who themselves came to the island every week to spend Sunday.

Mrs. Paterson had then an infant daughter a little over a year old; and Mrs. Galbraith's boy, Alan, then 9 years old.

About half-past four o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, July 28, Alan was playing on the beach, when along came George McDuff, a good-natured young Irishman employed at the hotel, and offered to take Alan out in a boat for a short row. The boy accepted eagerly, and a minute later McDuff had run a small skiff down to the water and was getting the lad into it, when the little 13-year-old nurse girl employed by Mrs. Paterson came to the boat landing, with the baby in her arms, and asked if she might go, too. Her name is Ethel Steele.

McDuff readily consented, and the party started for an island two miles off.

Now, Lake Simcoe lies high, and storms on it come up suddenly, which are sometimes very severe. McDuff had not pulled a mile before the wind, which had been blowing fresh from the southwest, veered round to the northwest and quickly became a gale. McDuff, wishing to take no risks with three children in the boat, put about immediately and made for Strawberry Island and pulled hard. But as he pulled the force of the gale increased, and at last it became clear to him that despite his utmost efforts, the boat was being blown out into open water, and toward the shore of the mainland, seventeen miles distant.

The wind and water beat furiously against the port quarter of the frail little craft, and there was during several moments that the boat would be swamped, Ethel sat quiet, with the baby in her arms. Alan, hardly realising the danger, was also quiet, confident in McDuff's ability to get them safely home.

At last McDuff's strength was almost spent, and he saw it was useless to drive any longer against the wind. To run with it seemed the best chance of escape, and so McDuff turned the bow toward the mainland, and thereafter used the oars only to keep it steady to the wind. The gale, seizing on the boat and its passengers, blew them along faster than the fishermen's nets, and Alan, with a bailing tin, was at first able to throw out such water as the boiling crests occasionally poured over the sides.

Darkness came on soon, and the little party was in a more melancholy plight than ever. When they got somewhat out of the lee of Strawberry Island, waves threatened to come over the stern of the boat, often they washed into it over the sides, and only by taking the bailing tin, himself, was McDuff able to keep it afloat. All had long since been wet to the skin, except the baby, whom the little nurse girl with assiduous faithfulness kept fairly dry and comfortable.

McDuff had no precise idea where the boat was drifting, but hoped to be driven to the southern shore of the lake At last, amid the darkness he saw a glimmer of light; judging by the force of the wind, this must have been before midnight. As far as he dared interfere with the course of the boat, he strove to direct it to the light, and as they neared the shore, which he could dimly see, they drifted toward a wharf, which McDuff knew to be that of the small town of Beaverton, seventeen miles from where they had started.

Utterly tired out, he could make but a desperate and fruitless effort to keep the boat off the wharf, over which waves were washing, and the boat was blown straight to it. Ethel heard, saw the danger, and sat still and grave, clutching more tightly the infant in her arms.

But at the moment when they were expecting the boat to be smashed to pieces, and themselves pounded against the cribwork, an immense rolling wave lifted up the little craft, threw it and its four occupants right on the wharf, overturned it there, and swept it and them into the water on the farther side.

As they fell into the water, a recoiling wave dashed them back under the wharf. The little nurse girl, faithfully clinging to her charge, caught the woodwork with one hand, and by a desperate effort climbed on to the stone-filled cribwork underneath the wharf, where the water was less than three feet deep. Mr. Fortune then saved McDuff and Alan also. The boy had learned to swim, since the beginning of his holidays at Strawberry Island, and, swimming, he was thrown against McDuff. The two were then flung, as Ethel had been, under the wharf, and succeeded, as she had done, in climbing into the crib.

Here, in two or three feet of surging water, they spent the night. Had it been daylight and calm, all were now so weak they could have made little further effort to save themselves. Overhead was the planking of the wharf, around them water ten feet deep. In the darkness and the storm, exhausted as they were, they dared not call for help. Alan, but soon desisted, for the howling storm mocked their feeble cries. All through the night huge waves dashed against the wharf, broke and rolled in upon them underneath.

Ethel and McDuff strove still to spare the children as far as possible. The latter held the infant close to her breast, while McDuff held first Alan up and then himself up out of the water as long and as frequently as he could.

Daylight came at last, though the fury of the storm continued almost unabated. McDuff then made a desperate effort to become organized on his failure to return with the children, and the search was resumed to as far as Beaverton. This indeed proved to be the case.

All right and left the search party had explored the shores of the lake for a distance of twenty-five miles, when some of them reached Beaverton, and soon after daylight McDuff saw that the whole town knew on the shore near by—Arthur Cadebee and John Steele—and was making its way toward the wreck.

He hailed them as loudly as he could, but the exertion was in vain, the words were lost. Ethel joined her voice to his, but to no purpose.

Cudahee and Steele never thought of looking under the wharf, but rowed their boat upturned, and it was only bodies they sought now along the shore.

McDuff saw his mistake at last and that he and Ethel were in utter despair as they saw the men pass and repass them. At the same moment a twig was borne in to them on a wave, and a piece of paper was seen. Mc-Duff with an idea it gave him. Unrolling a piece of the paper that had not been wetted and bound it, he fastened it to the twig with a hair, pinned it between the planks overhead, where it could be a signal of distress.

About half-past eight o'clock, sixteen hours after they had left Strawberry Island, two men standing on the wharf saw the twig. McDuff's handkerchief, and a scrap of the boy Alan's. McDu

A MARVELOUS WOMAN.

The Strange Story of the Scarlet Masks---Love and Hate Entwined---The Dramatic Sequence of a Great Sin.

By EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

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SYNOPSIS.

Gaspard and Helene de Fontenelle, twins, and since their mother's death reared by Madam Beaumont, are on their twenty-fifth birthday expecting a visit from their father. Instead Pedro Castelle arrives and announces them to visit their daughter. They go, taking along with Pedro Madame Beaumont, a child of seven and an old cattle man. On the lonely seat of a band of robbers known as the Scarlet Masks. They find that their father is chief of the robbers and is dying. He commands Gaspard to take his place as chief and to avenge the wrongs done to the father and mother. He tells his children that in his youth he had lived with Count de Kercheval, whose wife, a dissolute fellow, had married a rich cousin by whom he had a son and daughter, afterward the ruined Gaspard's father by having him charged with theft in order to secure the ruin of young Mrs. Fontenelle, but the lady died of a broken heart and Fontenelle joined the Scarlet Masks and in time became their chief. Gaspard becomes romantic and tells Helene that he is in love with her. Charles de Kercheval is now grown to manhood and after twenty years to the old chateau. His beautiful daughter Marguerite is with him. His son Armande, an officer in the king's guard, will soon visit his father and Helene Fontenelle, when dying, had commanded Gaspard to kill Armande. In wound the latter, his old enemy. Gaspard, hating the awful task, prepares to do so.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

A little while later Gaspard and Helene stood together in the great doors of the old castle. At the bottom of the stone steps three horsemen waited, Pedro and his companions, one of the bandits holding by the bridle the horse Gaspard was to ride.

Gaspard was clad in the somber garb of the bandits and held in his hand a scarlet mask.

For a moment brother and sister stood, clasped each other's hand in silence. Gaspard's eyes lingered tenderly, yearningly upon Helene's beautiful, pale, sad, beautiful face, but at that moment utterly lacking in woman's softness, the red lips cruel, the eyes cold.

Gaspard bent forward and kissed her.

"Adieu, my Helene," he murmured.

"Nay, we will only say au revoir, Gaspard," she replied. "When we meet again our father will be avenged."

He clapped the mask over his face, ran down the steps and sprang upon his horse.

The thick branches of the trees and heavy undergrowth which concealed the bridle path was held apart by two bandits.

"Pedro," said Gaspard, as he dug his spurs into his horse and led the way, and single file they passed down the path which was cut through the densest part of the forest.

About ten minutes' riding and a huge bowlder fully six feet in height barred their progress. Pedro dismounted, pressed against the bowlder which, with the grating sound Gaspard remembered, swung back aside, disclosing a carriage road. Pedro led his horse through the road, Gaspard and the bandits following. Pedro pressed again against the bowlder, which swung back into its place.

Gaspard could not fathom by what mechanism the bowlder was worked, but he was impressed by the clever contrivance and no longer wondered that the Scarlet Masks had for so long been able to conceal their retreat.

He said something of this to Pedro as they rode side by side along the road.

"How did the Scarlet Masks originate?" he added.

"It is said," replied Pedro, "that our retreat is the ancestral home of a French noble, Count Leon de Kercheval, a reckless, daring fellow, who, after running through with nearly all his property, took to highway robbery. But here is the place where we stop and conceal ourselves. Armande de Kercheval must approach before we reach the chateau."

CHAPTER VI.

It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Helene sat upon the couch in the room which had been the dead chief's. There she had the room all alone, save for the time Hortense had been with her when she brought the noon-day meal.

"What a long, long day it has been," murmured Helene, as she moved her dark head restlessly on the silken cushion. "But it will soon be over."

At that moment the heavy curtains were thrust aside and Pedro stood upon the threshold.

The man's swarthy face was pale, and shrinkingly his eyes met the girl's as she rose and looked at him inquiringly.

"You have returned?" she said. "But where is my brother? Why does he not come at once to me?"

There was a moment's silence and then Pedro replied:

"I bring you ill news, mademoiselle. Your brother is dead; Armande de Kercheval killed him."

She reeled and clutched at the couch, but, as the man made an involuntary movement towards her, she recovered herself, and stood erect. Her face had grown white as the dead, but she spoke in a voice wonderfully calm.

"Where is my brother's body?" she asked.

"In the hall outside," replied Pedro.

"Have it brought in here," she said.

Pedro turned and passed out.

The girl stood white and motionless as a statue, her eyes fixed upon the heavy curtains through which Pedro went.

In a little while they were put aside by Pedro, and four of the bandits entered, bearing in their arms the body of Gaspard.

"Lay him there," said Helene, pointing to the couch upon which her father had died.

They obeyed and, at a sign from Pedro, left the room.

Helene moved forward and stood looking down upon the dead. The bright face looked very peaceful and very calm. The dark hair clustered about his head was wet with blood.

For some time Helene stood, gazing down upon the dead form.

Pedro stood apart, watching her in some bewilderment. "It is not expected that we weep as other women weep over their dead. Her composure is strange," he mused, but left him at a loss what to say.

"She has the will of a strong man, with a woman's loveliness of face and form," he thought.

Suddenly she lifted her eyes, black as midnight in the marble pallor of her face, and spoke.

"You say my brother was killed by Armande de Kercheval?" she said. "I presume your information as to his manner of journeying to the Chateau de Kercheval was at fault? Others, I suppose, accompanied him."

"Mademoiselle, no one accompanied him save his servant," replied Pedro, savagely. "As I told you, a beautiful lady this Armande de Kercheval was bold and unscrupulous, and he did not scruple to sum up the man with whom we had to deal."

Her eyes flashed, her lueless lips curled scornfully.

"So," she said, "you, with your great strength, loaded by your two men, allowed this man to vanquish you and kill my brother?"

A sullen red crept into Pedro's cheeks. In all his bold, daring, wicked life no one had ever spoken to him so before. But the rage which awoke within him died as his eyes met hers. Upon the girl's face was not the meaning of fear and who was beautiful even with her face of marble.

"Armande de Kercheval has the strength and intrepidity of three men, it could seem," said Pedro, "and my men made the mistake of being too confident of easily vanquishing the chief fault. Pardon me mademoiselle, lay with your brother, and he has paid the penalty with his life. I will not bury you in deceits, a few words will explain all. Your brother stood at the door when de Kercheval unawares and kill him before he grasped the situation. According to my instructions. Whether this was intentional or whether he lost his head I cannot determine. But the fact remains that de Kercheval put such a bullet into your brother's heart, killing him instantly, and then, as his men drew sword thrust from which he died in a few minutes, he overpaired with the cleverness, a powerful and brave fellow, whose corpse now lies in your brother's room, for inspection. It was understood that your brother was to kill Armande de Kercheval, and he never consented to that but with the two men to back him, would not be a match for the single man. Such, mademoiselle, were the explications at all, however, if de Fontenelle had followed my instructions. I cannot understand what caused him to act in the manner that he did."

Helene's eyes rested again upon the young, dead face. She understood; ay, as well as though Pedro had told her, had unclosed and told her.

Her hand crept gently touched the dark hair curling about the marble brow.

"You were too good; too noble, my Gaspard," she whispered.

Pedro moved a little nearer to her.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I swear your brother's death shall be avenged," he said. "I shall never rest until I have killed this Armande de Kercheval."

She started and turned swiftly toward him. He never forgot the look of hatred, undying, relentless, pitiless, Which filled her eyes. Her lips were drawn back from her gleaming white teeth in a snarl, like an enraged animal's.

"Leave Armande de Kercheval to me," she cried. She turned again to the dead, adding: "Go, I wish to be alone. Let no one disturb me."

Pedro inclined his head and passed from the room.

When the time for the evening meal arrived Hortense sought him.

"Shall I go to her with food?" she asked. Pedro shook his head impatiently.

"No, leave her undisturbed," he replied. The woman lingered.

"How does she bear this?" she asked.

"As no other woman would bear it—with wonderful fortitude," he replied.

Hortense's scarlet lips curled scornfully.

"She has little of woman's softness and tenderness," she said. "I am sure she cannot love nor suffer as other women."

"You are wrong, my Hortense," he said. "She will love some day more tenderly, more passionately than most women," and Hortense, looking up into the sagerness of his eyes, hated, as she had never hated anything before, the woman keeping a lonely vigil beside her dead.

She turned away in silence and left him.

The hours passed.

The bandits, assembled in the great hall, talked excitedly, but in low tones, over the tragic events of the day.

Pedro sat apart, his eyes fixed upon the curtains that closed the door of the room where Helene de Fontenelle sat alone with her dead. Suddenly he started to his feet. The curtains were put aside and Helene came forth.

She advanced to the center of the room, paused, and, in silence, looked round upon the faces of the bandits. She was as pale as marble, there were purple shadows beneath her eyes, but no traces of tears.

Pedro started toward her, but stopped abruptly as she spoke, her words rooting him to the spot with amazement.

"Men of the Scarlet Masks," she said, "we have decided—I and my lieutenant. Will you accept me in his place?"

Deep followed the silence of utter astonishment. Some of the bandits gazed curiously upon her, wondering if her brother's death had turned her brain.

"It is true I am a woman," she continued, "but I have inherited a man's daring, and I know not the meaning of fear. You will find me capable in my part sounds to you preposterous, but, by the love you bore my father, I ask you to allow me to be your chief for one month. If at the end of that time you are dissatisfied with me I promise you that I will do so without one word of protest. What say you?"

She drew herself erect and her flashing, dauntless eyes swept swiftly from one face to another. Though she was but a slim girlish figure there was a strange influence over those great strong men; so powerfully were they dominated by her that, with one accord, they shouted:

"So let it be; we make you our chief."

She bowed her head in slow, solemn head.

"I thank you," she said. "Though I am but a woman you shall never be ashamed that you granted my request. And now I will think that my last desire to depose me when my month of probation be up. I think that you will do so quickly and with celerity, quickness of perception and acute cunning are two advantages I possess, and I—I shall love and eagerly seek the excitement of danger." Her voice rang passionately through the great hall. "Garbed as yourselves, who will suspect that a woman is chief of the Scarlet Masks?"

There was an enthusiastic murmur from the men.

As she was about to turn away Pedro stepped forward hastily and stood beside her.

"Mademoiselle," he said, eagerly, "in a few days Armande de Kercheval will pass again through the forest on his way to Paris. Will you not send her hand and heart?"

That he be unmolested," she replied, "I have two to avenge now, my father and my brother. I will myself be the death of Armande de Kercheval; he shall live and—suffer. Leave him to me."

CHAPTER VII.

A week later.

It was night. The gray walls of the old castle were bathed in silvery moonlight. Back and forth before the great door Pedro paced restlessly. There was an anxious frown upon his face, and again he paused at the entrance of the hidden path and listened.

At length, as the sound of an approaching horseman fell upon his ear, he uttered a cry of satisfaction or relief, and quickly thrust aside the branches obstructing the path.

In a few moments a beautiful black horse and rider appeared, and as the latter set his foot of the steps leading up to the castle door, two men were the bandits stood, sprang lightly to the ground as Pedro approached.

"I understood that some harm had come to you," he said, gently.

"If I do not, at any time, give yourself any uneasiness on my account," said the young man, lightly, and then uttered a cry and removed the mask which covered her face.

A little glow of softness came into her eyes as Hortense rubbed his velvety nose against her arm.

"You see that I are very fond of each other already," she murmured, as she laid her hand caressingly upon his arched, glossy neck.

The bandits had presented her with the horse, a small, blooded animal, with dainty tapering limbs, a few days before.

She caressed it for a moment and then turned to Pedro and spoke, the softness gone from her face, the gentleness from her voice.

"I have something of importance to say to you," she said.

"You had better rest first and have some refreshment," said Pedro. "You were to be at five o'clock and it is now nearly nine. You must be tired."

She moved her shoulders impatiently.

"Tired at that!" she said. "I will tell you I would forget that I am a woman and think of me only as chief of the Scarlet Masks."

Pedro's eyes gleamed passionately in the moonlight.

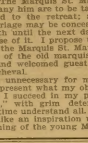
"I shall never forget that you are a woman," he murmured to himself, but aloud he said nothing.

"Do you know the Chateau St. Maur whose lands adjoin those of the Chateau de Kercheval?" asked Helene.

"Very well, indeed," replied Pedro. "'Tis the home of the old Marquis St. Maur."

"Yes, it was the home of the old Marquis St. Maur, but he died a week ago," said Helene. "The dead man and the Count de Kercheval were friends in boyhood and this friendship was renewed upon the return of the latter. The old marquis is succeeded by his nephew, Maurice St. Maur. This young man will arrive at the Chateau St. Maur the day after tomorrow. He will travel in his own carriage, and will no doubt have with him a considerable sum of money. We must hold him up. Whatever money he carries in the way of valuables, which I do not require for my purpose, is common booty. The Marquis St. Maur and I will accompany him are to be taken captive and conveyed to the retreat also the horses. The latter are to be concealed near the secret path until the next day, when I shall make use of it. I propose to personate, for a time, the Marquis St. Maur, who, being a nephew of the old marquis, will be a frequent and welcomed guest at the Chateau de Kercheval.

"It is unnecessary for me to explain to you at present what my object is in so doing. If I succeed in my plan and I shall succeed," with grim determination, "you will in time understand it. The plan came to me like an inspiration upon learning of the coming of the young Marquis St. Maur."



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hold the horrible fact in your own breast. It is no secret. Everybody will see it, and will notice it. It explain. You cannot hide it. Do not be too certain that you are not losing your hair. Many people are losing their hair and do not know it. Many people who know everybody will know it. Do not flatter yourself that you are not one. You will get what you deserve. Most strong men and nearly all women despise a man with a bald head. Baldness is fatal to success. Creating number for Dame Nature, because everybody knows that it is a sure sign of weakness. If you are bald, if you have but few hairs on your head, if your hair is falling out, if you are losing your hair, if you are losing your hair, if you are losing your hair

and that he had never been to the Chateau St. Maur before, owing to a long estrangement which had existed between his father and the old marquis. You will accompany me in this expedition and I think eight more men will be sufficient. The young marquis will hardly have with him more than six servants, including the coachman, footman and outriders. I think I have made everything clear to you."

"Perfectly clear, mademoiselle," replied Pedro. "I see no difficulty at all in the carrying out of your plan."

"I leave to you the selection of the men who accompany us," continued Helene. "Of course, during the time I am personating the young marquis, he and his servants will be kept prisoners. You have a way no doubt of conveying them to the retreat so that they cannot betray us if released later."

"Oh, yes, simply blindfold them," replied Pedro. "We have had prisoners before; it is not unusual with us to take captive persons of wealth and hold them for ransom."

"So I imagined," said the Marquis St. Maur and necessary to keep the Chateau Rouge and his servants prisoners for a number of months."

She remained in thought for some moments, while Pedro's eyes dwelt passionately upon her face, beautiful enough in the silvery light from the moon.

At length she aroused herself, laid her hand for an instant upon the neck of the dog beside her and passed up the steps.

The beautiful lustrous eyes of the animal followed her while he whinnied softly as Pedro led him away.

CHAPTER VIII.

Helene and the Marquis St. Maur stood facing each other in the great hall of the bandits' retreat.

They were comparatively alone, the bandits having scattered at the further end of the hall eating and drinking.

Maurice, Marquis St. Maur, was twenty-five years of age, medium height, erect in figure. His features were rather strongly marked, his hair and eyes brown, very fine eyes, which redeemed his face from plainness.

His eyes rested curiously upon Helene, as she stood before him, the scarlet mask still covering her face.

"I presume you are the chief of these bandits?" said the Marquis St. Maur.

"You are the chief of the Scarlet Mask," replied Helene, and, as she spoke, she lifted her hand, removed the mask from her face and met steadfastly the eyes of the young marquis.

A look of surprise passed over his face.

"You astonish me," he said, with an uplifting of brows. "I certainly would never expect to find a mere boy at the head of a band of outlaws."

Helene shrugged her shoulders.

In male attire she hardly looked her twenty-one years. She had cut off her long, heavy hair, which now clustered in thick curls over her shapely head. She made a wonderfully handsome boy.

"What is it you wish to say to me?" she asked, frowning and moving a little impatiently under the intent gaze of the young marquis.

"I simply wish to be enlightened as to why I have been brought here?" replied the latter, coolly. "That I and my servants have been brought hither prisoners shows that you have thought that more robbery, some object beyond that of mere robbery."

"You are quite correct, Monsieur le Marquis," she said. "We would hardly go to the trouble of taking you and your servants prisoners without some object in view."

"So I supposed," said the young marquis. "And that object is, if I mistake not, to hold me for ransom. Well, what sum will purchase my freedom? As I am not desirous of sojourning here any longer than can be avoided, I will arrange for the payment of the ransom immediately, that is, provided the amount is not too exorbitant," with a slight, cool smile.

Helene also smiled very coolly.

"Monsieur le Marquis is something of a philosopher, I see," she said. "The conciliatory air which you have arrived in a very natural one," she continued, "but if it is this immediate, an erroneous one. No sum of money, no matter how large, would at this time purchase the freedom of the Marquis St. Maur," and a passionate look of exultation flashed, for a moment, in her eyes.

"You will remain here a prisoner until such time as I see fit to release you."

"You are certainly most mysterious, my youthful chief of the bandits," remarked the Marquis St. Maur. "Plunder being the note heard on all you outlaws, I cannot understand your object in detaining me if not to extort money in payment for my freedom."

"It is by no means necessary that you should understand my object, otherwise I would enlighten you," replied Helene, with cool insolence. "As I remarked before, Monsieur le Marquis, you are a philosopher, and will no doubt make the best of your enforced stay. The length of that sojourn will depend entirely upon circumstances. Pedro," as the latter approached, "will you see that the Marquis St. Maur is made comfortable? Monsieur le Marquis, I wish you good-evening," and she turned away.

The Marquis St. Maur stood gazing after her a moment or two curiously. Then he turned and followed Pedro.

"Tell me, my worthy Pedro, how comes it that you men of daring and crime have chosen for your chief that handsome stripling?" he asked. "Is he a relative of yours?"

"It is not necessary that Monsieur le Marquis should understand it," replied Pedro, bluntly.

The Marquis St. Maur shrugged his shoulders.

"Which means you refuse to gratify my curiosity," he said, with a smile. "Your youthful chief has been equally reticent to me. Nevertheless, well-mannered his youth and effeminate appearance he does not lack boldness and daring. But he has a woman's face, and no marks upon it, as yet, of crime or evil."

Pedro frowned.

"He good enough to follow me, Monsieur le Marquis," he said.

The bandits did not give more than a passing glance at the Marquis St. Maur as he followed Pedro down the hall. The former had had with him quite a large sum of money. That being in the possession of the bandits, he had no further interest for them and they accepted his sojourn among them unquestioningly, as they did all things that were the will of their girl-chief.

Helene's words to her brother—"I could no manage these men, bold, daring, wicked as they are, were they not a little more puppets in my hands," had proved no idle boast. The influence she had acquired over them was marvelous, her power absolute.

Helene entered the room which had been Pedro's and, for so brief a time, Gaspard's. She had never taken possession of the room which before had so daintily and luxuriously fitted up for her.

She found Hortense waiting her.

"What can I do for you?" asked Hortense, in her low, soft voice, her eyes resting furtively upon Helene as the latter threw aside her black mantle.

"Nothing, thank you," replied Helene, coolly.

Notwithstanding the fact that Hortense was the only woman, beside herself, in the retreat, she found it impossible to care for her. Instinctively she distrusted her.

Hortense arose and went to the door, Helene said:

"Tell ask Pedro to come to me in about half an hour."

"I will do so, mademoiselle," murmured Hortense, the heavy white lids drooping over her eyes.

When Pedro entered the room half an hour later, he found Helene reclining upon the couch in a soft, white, gown, her face pale and weary. She seldom wore the garb of the bandit save when abroad.

"Mademoiselle is fatigued" said Pedro, solicitously.

"Somewhat," replied Helene.

"Mademoiselle need have forget that, though she has the bravery and daring of a man, she has but the strength of a woman," continued Pedro, softly.

"I am able to take care of myself, my good Pedro," said Helene, coolly, and the man's dark cheek flushed. "But let us not talk of myself. I have more important matters to discuss. I want your advice as to the form of the reception of the Marquis St. Maur."

"Will mademoiselle permit me to accompany her as one of the servants of the Marquis St. Maur?" asked Pedro, eagerly.

"I really am unable to inform you," replied Helene. "That will depend altogether upon circumstances. I desire or find it necessary I shall come here for so long a time as the Marquis St. Maur may consider it safe to absent himself," and a grim smile parted her lips. "But we are wasting time. Let us get to the matter in question. I have little time for preparation, as I shall set out tomorrow for the Chateau St. Maur."

"Tomorrow!" exclaimed Pedro.

"Yes," replied Helene; "the Marquis St. Maur is known to have left Paris today; it would be unwise to delay."

CHAPTER IX.

In the yellow drawing room at the Chateau St. Maur Mademoiselle Charde, Count de Kercheval.

His tall form was bowed, his hair was white, the once handsome face lined and seamed, the skin pallid and yellow. He stood leaning upon the mantel, the rich lace ruffles falling away from his pale hand, the long thin fingers supporting his temple.

It was about twenty minutes to the dining hour.

A footman entered, bearing upon a silver salver a note which he presented to his master, then withdrew. A look of satisfaction gleamed in the cold blue eyes of the Count as he read the note. As he finished the letter opened and a young girl entered.

She was very pretty, though rather doll-like in appearance, with her large, limpid, blue eyes, small red mouth, pink and white skin and flaxen hair. She was rather below medium height and had a pretty, rounded figure. She wore a simple white gown, with blue ribbon at her waist and in her hair. Her white shoulders and dimpled arms were bare.

"Ah, my dear, I have just received a note from the Marquis St. Maur," said the count, with a smile. "It appears that he was unavoidably detained on his way from Paris and did not reach the chateau until this afternoon. He writes that he will do himself the pleasure of calling upon us in the course of the evening."

The girl's blue eyes lighted eagerly.

"Indeed, I am very glad the marquis has arrived," she said. "He visits will be some diversion, some break in the monotony."

The Count de Kercheval slightly lifted his brows.

"Why, what does all my little Marguerite?" he asked.

"Oh, papa," cried Marguerite, with a charming pout of her red lips, "it is really very dull here. I long for the gay world."

"What dost thou know of the gay world, ma petite?" asked the count, laying his hand, with a smile, upon her fair head.

"Ah, nothing," she replied, "but I want, I long to have a great deal," and she laughed. "Papa, dear, I have spent nearly all my life in a convent. Oh! how glad, how happy I was when the time came for me to leave. I was filled with the most delightful

"He who was your chief for a day must dead, will you accept me in his place ?"

anticipations; what rose-colored dreams were mine! But, alas! they were not realized, for thou didst bring me here, this cruel papa, without even a few days lingering in dear, bewitching Paris. It is true that the dreary, colorless life of the convent is over and done with, but—oh, dear papa! you will take me to Paris?" and she clasped her pretty little hands about his arm and lifted her pink and white face beseechingly to his.

The Count de Kercheval, who had listened smilingly, laid his long, waxen fingers caressingly upon her bare, rounded arm.

"Fairy, patience, little one," he said. "Thou art very young and there is plenty of time for Paris and all delightful things. Thou hast youth, thou hast anticipation, thou hast the rose-colored dreams, and it is thy right to have them. So, for the present, thou must content thyself. Discontent and repining will render less bright thy pretty eyes and steal some of the rose from thy cheek."

"Oh, I shall no more repine," cried the girl, with her sweet, bright laugh, "but, papa, when, dear papa, you know well how to cure me of my discontent. I shall live, for the present, upon anticipation."

"And as you remarked a little while before, the Marquis St. Maur will be a break in the monotony," said the count, with a smile.

"I wonder what he is like?" murmured Marguerite, musingly. "I hope he is very nice and very good-looking."

"I sincerely hope that he is," said the count, very fervently. "He was never at the chateau, the old marquis never saw the boy. The marquis and his brother quarreled before the marriage of the latter and were never reconciled. I am inclined to think that the marquis loved the woman his brother married and that was the cause of the estrangement. At all events, the old marquis never married, and his brother's son succeeded him."

At that moment a servant entered and announced dinner.

When his daughter had left him to his wine, Count de Kercheval said to the footman:

"Tell Jean to come to me."

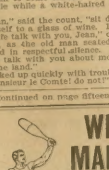
In a little while a well-dressed old man entered.

"Ah, Jean," said the count, "sit down and help yourself to a glass of wine. I want to have a little talk with you, Jean," he continued the count, as the old man seated himself and waited in respectful silence. "In fact, I want to talk with you about mortgaged income of the land."

Jean looked up quickly with troubled eyes.

"Oh, Monsieur le Comte! do not!" he cried.

(Continued on page fifteen.)



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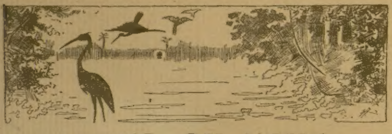

LURED BY LOVE.

The Crime of a Village Beauty---A Story of Unrequited Love and the Betrayal of an Innocent Girl.

By H. R. ROMANS.

SYNOPSIS.

The story is laid in a country town. Anne and Bessie Paxton, the beautiful daughters of the village carpenter, both love a young physician, Dr. John Burris. He proposes to and is accepted by Bessie. This enrages Anne and she plots with Charles Marsh, son of the Brickville banker, a rejected suitor for Bessie's hand, to rob the bank and cast suspicion upon Dr. Burris. Marsh promises the physician shall not be prosecuted and Anne hopes to win his love by her fidelity during his trouble. Billy Glen, a hunchback, sees Marsh hide the money robbed from the bank, and sees Anne assault Marsh in the bank. He loves Anne, and though she hates him, he forces from her a promise of marriage as the price of his silence. Hiram Westlake, village marshal, discovers the robbery. Westlake believes city robbers did the job and starts to hunt them, but Charley Marsh accuses John Burris, who is arrested. A search locates the plunder hidden in a garden behind the doctor's office where Charley Marsh had hidden it. Bessie wants to visit her lover in jail but her father forbids her, and Dr. Burris believes she has deserted him. Forbidden to see her lover Bessie asks Anne to see him. Anne uses the interview for her own advantage. Anne and Billy Glen have an interview in which she is very kind to him to gain his help in besmirching the character of her sister. The evil rumors about Bessie grow and her father drives her from home. She wanders away and falls in a faint by the roadside. She is searched for in vain, a kind-hearted old widow having given her shelter. On hearing the slander concerning Bessie, Charley Marsh seeks to benefit from it by claiming he should be held accountable for her misfortune. He tells her father he loves her and is anxious to make amends by marrying her. They find her at the old widow's suffering with brain fever. They procure a license and preacher and the ceremony is started, although Bessie is unconscious. The old widow interferes and stops the ceremony, and a physician who calls opportunely forbids it until Bessie has entirely recovered. Doctor Burris engages a lawyer, but the lawyer believes him guilty and gives him no encouragement. Later Banker Marsh and his son call on Doctor Burris and offer him clemency if he will confess. Charley Marsh tells Doctor Burris an ingenious lie concerning Bessie and poisons his mind completely. Then young Marsh hurries Anne to the young doctor and by more false stories and artful cajoling he is induced to renounce Bessie and promises to marry Anne if Bessie is married to Marsh when he is liberated. Billy Glen is aroused to Anne's duplicity and insists on their immediate marriage. Anne consults Charley Marsh and they decide Billy must be removed from their paths. Anne entices Billy to stroll down by the schoolhouse, which is located in a lonely place. While siting upon the steps Marsh strikes him from behind with a club, and he and Anne throw the body over a precipice behind the school building. It is found there the succeeding day and the general belief is that the unfortunate young man fell to his death. Marshal Westlake secretly believes he met with foul play and when a ghost is reported as visiting the scene of Billy's death the marshal decides to capture it. He discovers that the "ghost" is Anne Paxton walking in her sleep.

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CHAPTER XIII.

WESTLAKE THEORIZES AGAIN.

A problem of great magnitude now confronted the marshal of Brickville; a problem that would have puzzled the greatest criminal lawyer of the land, and one which many a police detective of vast experience would have hesitated to attempt.

Billy Glen had been found dead at the bottom of the schoolhouse ledge. His death might have been accidental, or it might have been a foul murder. The former view was generally accepted by the public, but as if to dispute this a ghost had haunted the fatal spot. Westlake had succeeded in fixing the personality of the so-called ghost, and in doing so learned that the death of Billy Glen had affected Anne Paxton to the extent that she visited the scene of his death in her sleep.

Now the question was: Had she a guilty knowledge of his death?

He sat on the storebox and drummed its side with his feet. His attitude was one of deep thought as he leaned back against the store, his hands in his trousers pockets, and his gaze fixed vacantly at the stars that sparkled in the eastern sky.

The clock in the courthouse tower chimed three. He started from his deep study and bounded from the box. He had sat there over two hours thinking, studying, and he was no nearer a solution of the problem than than when he took his station there.

He wandered slowly down the street and paused opposite the Paxton home; leaning against a tree he gazed across the street at the little house with its neat lawn and large shade trees, its rustic seats and neat, white-painted fence. He was waiting for an inspiration, but it would not come.

Then he journeyed to the schoolhouse and surveyed the scene where he had encountered the sleep-walking girl, with an eye to determining how the murder—if such it were—was committed.

It would be an easy matter for a frail woman to push a man over the ledge, even if he tried to prevent such an act. There was nothing for him to catch to save himself. Once overbalanced he must go down to his death, and if he caught hold of the person who pushed him, there would be two deaths instead of one.

That settled one point, although it was of small consequence. Anne Paxton could easily have caused Billy Glen's death provided, of course, she was with him at the time.

The next step to determine was whether she was with him. He could not pursue his investigation further at the time, so he went to his home and sought a much-needed rest. He was up early, however, decidedly freshened and ready to pursue his still quest.

As he strolled up the village street he encountered two small boys whose acquaintance he decided to cultivate. They were neighbors of the Paxtons, and he had some hopes that in playing about in the street they had noticed Billy Glen with Anne Paxton.

Fortune favored him. The boys were playing with a toy express wagon which "had seen better days," and it was much patched-up in consequence: Just at present it was in distress and they were unable to fix it. The marshal volunteered his services and while engaged in repairing the break proceeded to draw them into conversation.

"Billy Glen fixed it for us the last time it broke," volunteered one of the boys.

"Poor Billy," commented the detective. "He will never fix it again."

"No," replied the boy, "he's dead now, and we boys miss him very much, for he was always good to us."

"Billy was a general favorite; nearly everybody liked him," assented the man.

"Yes, even Anne Paxton said she was sorry," remarked the older boy.

"Why, I thought she hated him," protested the detective.

"She used to make faces at him and run from him, but I guess she must have stopped it when she got old enough to have some sense. Leastways I saw her talking to him one evening at Paxton's gate, and next day when he was found dead I heard her tell my ma she was sorry that he met such an awful death."

"Ah! What time in the evening was it when you saw them talking?"

"Don't know 'zactly; must have been eight, though, for when I went in the house ma made me go right to bed."

"There you are, just as good as new," exclaimed the marshal referring to the repair he had completed, and receiving the thanks of the boys, he strode on, well pleased with himself and the information he had so easily acquired.

"Another point settled; Anne Paxton was with him that night; now, were they in the neighborhood of the schoolhouse? That will be difficult to determine, and I will pass it and take up the next item: what motive had Anne Paxton in ending the life of Billy Glen?

"She used to hate him—a schoolgirl's hate, of course; but it was continued until she was almost a woman. All of a sudden they become good friends. Billy loved her—that has been a matter of common talk for some years.

"Anne Paxton loves Doctor Burris; at least she visits him at the jail, and the current rumor is that they were engaged before he was arrested. I wonder if that is true, or if it is just the conclusion formed by the gossips? I will find out."

He hastened to the jail and asked permission to see Doctor Burris, and the privilege was readily granted.

The young doctor was surprised to see the marshal and so expressed himself.

"Well, I am somewhat ashamed of myself for not calling sooner. Fact is, I never could quite convince myself that you were guilty, and at the same time I can't hit on any clew that will cause me to suspicion anyone else," replied Westlake.

"Then you think I am innocent?" eagerly asked Doctor Burris.

"Yes."

"Thank you very much. I am glad to hear I have a friend."

"Well, you haven't many, that's a fact, John; but I am one of them. I thought I had the robbers pretty well placed, but your arrest and Charley Marsh's story made a fool of me and my theories. However, I have never given up hope of landing someone else as the real guilty parties. What is your theory of the matter?"

"I think I have been conspired against by some secret enemies."

"What have you ever done that would make anyone an enemy of that sort?"

"Nothing, to my knowledge."

"Were you ever in love?"

"In' love? Why do you ask?"

"Well, I was just wondering. A man can make enemies by loving some girl and winning her; and such an enemy is usually a snake in the grass."

"You reason well; but in this case it does not apply. I was, am yet, in fact, in love with Bessie Paxton. We were engaged, but it is off now, I guess. Does that make the situation any clearer to you?"

"No," replied the disappointed marshal. "You are not in love with Anne Paxton, as rumor states?"

"No."

"Does she love you?"

"Well—yes. Remember, I speak in confidence to you."

"Certainly, and I will respect it."

A pause.

"I am afraid you can do nothing for me, Westlake."

"Well, I'll keep up hope until the last. Good-by, John."

"Good-by, Westlake; and God bless you for your friendship and interest in an innocent and persecuted man."

"Dod gast it!" ejaculated the marshal as he strode down the corridor. "Now, if he had been in love with Anne, it would have been plain sailing all the way through. Then it would have been an object for Billy to have robbed the bank and thrown suspicion on Doctor Burris so Anne would have lost her regard for him; and Anne learning this, shoved Billy over the rocks for revenge.

"No, that won't do, either. Charley Marsh says he recognized Doctor Burris, and Billy Glen could not have disguised himself sufficiently to carry out the deception. There is only one plausible theory—Charley Marsh had a guilty connection with that bank robbery.

"Ah, I have it! Charley Marsh loves Bessie Paxton, and he knew that she was engaged to Doctor Burris. He concocted a sham robbery and threw the guilt upon Doctor Burris in order to break off the engagement and make Bessie depsise John. He had an accomplice, for he was pretty badly hurt. That accomplice was Billy Glen—no, Billy was right-handed, and the blow that nearly laid Charley Marsh out was struck by a left-handed person," and the marshal strode down the village street, mentally recalling all the left-handed persons in Brickville.

A lady was walking just ahead of him. She dropped a small package upon the ground, and when she stopped to pick it up he noticed that she used her left hand, although her right hand was free. As she turned her face toward him he recognized her. It was Anne Paxton, and like a flash came the recollection that she was the only left-handed woman in Brickville.

It was all plain now to the marshal. His theory was complete from the beginning of the series of sensations that had stirred Brickville, and he laughed softly as he complimented himself on the successful manner in which he had solved the mystery.

"Now let me see," he ruminated; "John Burris and Bessie Paxton love each other; they are engaged. Charley Marsh loves Bessie, and Anne Paxton loves John Burris. Then Billy Glen loves Anne Paxton, another complication.

"Charley Marsh and Anne Paxton resolve to break off the engagement of John and Bessie, and the bank robbery is the result. Anne is his accomplice; that is corroborated by my theories of the night of the robbery; she is small, left-handed and she jumped out the rear window, making the small tracks I discovered that night. Billy Glen was prowling around that night and saw these acts, and decided to benefit thereby. He undoubtedly made Anne promise to marry him in lieu of his keeping mum, and in order to escape him she pushed him over the rocks. Maybe Marsh helped her.

"That scandal about Bessie is probably the work of Marsh. He found he could not win her even with Burris in prison, so he sought to stain her character, thinking she would be glad to accept him then. Well, I think I will thwart him, and Miss Anne, also, and if there isn't a hanging pretty soon I miss my guess."

CHAPTER XIV.

ANNE'S MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

"I'd give quite a sum to get Charley Marsh good and drunk," thought Marshal Westlake, as he sat on the bank steps late that night. "Confound it, that's where a man is handicapped when he knows everybody and everybody knows him. If I attempted to fill him up he would be on to my game right away, and I could accomplish nothing. I couldn't disguise myself and do it, because he knows every disguise I have, and the time is too short to send to the city for one now. I must figure out some other scheme.

"Ah! Anne Paxton walks in her sleep—I wonder if she talks any when sleeping? I'll find out, and maybe solve this question once for all tonight."

To think was to act now. The time was close at hand for Doctor Burris' trial for the bank robbery, and if the marshal hoped to clear his friend he must have some evidence to support his remarkable theories.

It was close on to midnight when he entered the backyard of the Paxton homestead and stole up the path that led to the kitchen porch. He hid in the shadow and listened some time to detect if anyone was astir about the house. Becoming assured that all was quiet and that there were no prowlers about he carefully crept to the window through which he had seen Anne disappear the night previous.

Again he hesitated to assure himself that he was not being watched, and being satisfied at last that he had the field all to himself, he straightened up and tried the window of Anne's bedroom. The window was not fastened, and so yielded easily to his touch. He raised it gently, propped it well, and then drew aside the curtain and gazed into the room.

On the small center stand was a lamp, turned very low, the dim light falling softly on the objects in the room. He hesitated some time until he was sure that the occupant of the room was asleep, but once assured that she was he softly climbed through the window. Then he crept up and turned the light a little higher that he might better distinguish the expression on the sleeping girl's face. He then hid himself behind the dresser to watch and wait for developments.

He soon discovered a small rope protruding from under the bed covering that was tied to the footboard of the bed. The other end he soon discerned was tied around the girl's ankle.

"Ah!" he thought, "she is well aware of the night excursions she has been making and has taken measures to prevent their recurrence. Her scream has no doubt always awakened her, and that being the case she knows she was pursued last night.

"If she would only talk some now, I would most likely hear something that would confirm my suspicions."

Westlake waited patiently for some manifestations from the sleeper, but she apparently slept serenely, and aside from a mere tossing about, that kept him ever in expectancy, there were no signs of a troubled conscience that he expected to hear condemning the fair young girl.

He was about to give up the vigil when he heard a soft murmur from the sleeper, and he strained his ears to catch the words she mumbled. Then he heard her say, clear and distinct:

"Oh, Bessie, Bessie! how could you? You have disgraced us all!"

Then she became calm again for a space of five minutes, at the end of which time the watcher was electrified to see her rise to a sitting posture, her eyes wide open and staring straight ahead.

"At last," thought he. "The spirit of Billy Glen is commanding her to visit the scene of his murder. I'll hear something now."

"Poor Billy," she muttered, "they say you were murdered. Perhaps if I go I may find the murderer gloating over his deed," and then she attempted to get out of bed, but in the attempt the rope attached to her ankle tripped her and she fell. She immediately wakened, and after staring wildly about her for a moment, as though she did not realize what it all meant, she lay down again and drew the covers closely about her.

He watched her intently for a few moments and discovered that she was crying.

"Now what the thunder it all means, I declare I can't tell," he admitted to himself. My theory can't be wrong, and yet that girl does not act like one guilty. It can't be possible I have misjudged her. The terrible scandal about Bessie may have unnerved her, and then Billy's tragic death worked on her sensitive nature to such an extent that she got to walking in her sleep. Well, I am not going to give it up yet. I'll try Charley Marsh next. The show here is over for tonight, and the next thing is to get away without being detected."

He had to wait some time before the breathing of Anne announced that it would be safe for him to emerge from his place of concealment. But the moment he was assured that she was asleep he hastened to escape from the room, lowering the window carefully, and hastening out the back way as he had come in.

Thus was the astute and ambitious marshal of the incorporated village of Brickville utterly and completely fooled; for, no sooner had he dropped the window behind him than Anne sat up in her bed and exclaimed, with a great sigh of relief:

"Thank God! he has gone!"

She was awake when he raised the window and crawled into the room, and she saw his every movement through half-closed lids. The night before she knew that she was pursued by someone to the very window of her room. Her secret had become the property of some villager, but who, she was not able to determine. It had been a matter of worry to her all day, and she dreaded the time when he would make a showing of his knowledge all the more, not knowing who he was, or what interpretation he would put upon her queer conduct.

Tonight when she heard her window being stealthily raised she immediately divined that this person had come to spy upon her as she slept. Her act of the night before had raised his suspicion and he no doubt hoped to hear something that would make clear her connection with the case—to hear her make some admission that would justify him in handing her over to the officers of the law. She decided to act a part, hoping to clear herself of any suspicion, and from the way he crept from the room she was confident that she had succeeded in her design.

She had courted sleep to no avail before the advent of the embryo detective. Her first crime and the unenviable position in which her machinations had placed Bessie bothered her but little compared with the last awful plunge she had taken into the depths of crime, and the knowledge that someone suspected her guilt. Her nerves had been wrought up to a high tension; but when she felt that she had changed the detective's opinion of her complicity in Billy Glen's death a sense of relief came to her and tired nature claimed her senses. Then she slept soundly, dreamlessly, to awake the next morning refreshed, and with a determination to fight to the end for the prize she sought.

Warned by past experience she decided it would be best for the safety of herself and accomplice to tell him of the danger through which she had passed. She started upon her quest of him very early and met him just as he was entering the bank.

Guessing that she had some important communication to make he joined her upon the sidewalk, when she quickly related to him the story of the ghost and all the subsequent events. He listened to her without a word, but the harsh expression that settled upon his features while she spoke boded her no good.

"Anne," he said, when she had finished her recital, "if you don't get over this nonsense and quit brooding over Billy's death you'll have us both strung up. Just see

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how you have given the whole snap away by chasing out there in your sleep. I presume we have some reason to be thankful that it is only Westlake who is nosing around; if it had been a city detective he'd had a confession out of you before this. Westlake will not act on his suspicions with no evidence to support them; he's not in favor here just now, anyway; and I hope your acting has lessened his suspicions enough to keep him quiet.

"Still, you must be careful. I have a premonition that I am going to get into trouble through some of your fool moves. I wish now that I had left you out of this whole affair, for I am confident I could have done much better alone. The man who said a woman couldn't keep a secret told the truth; if they manage to keep it while they are awake they'll find a way to tell it while asleep."

"If you are scared you had better cut and run while you have a chance," suggested Anne.

"And lose all! Don't you imagine I will do any such thing. After going to the extremes I have to win that girl I'll have her or die. And while I am talking about dying I will give you a piece of advice. You keep a strict guard on your actions in the future. If I have done murder for both our sakes, I can do another if my own safety demands it."

"Do you threaten me?" she gasped.

"Exactly. If I find that my life depends on your death I will not hesitate a moment to put you out of the way of all earthly trouble. Otherwise we can get along just as we have."

"Oh, God!" exclaimed the terrified girl, "where will all this end? It will drive me crazy, I fear."

"Come, now, Anne; cheer up and look on the bright side a while. You have pluck and grit if you will only use them. I spoke severely because the occasion demanded it. You have been careless; you must learn to comprehend the danger of the situation and get away from your morbid thoughts. Victory is just ahead of us. Desire is well enough now and I am going to marry her this afternoon. You must go over to the jail and do some fine work with Burris. His case comes off tomorrow and unless we get his confession beforehand you know what will happen."

"I'll do my best. He must accept the offer. If he refuses to confess and goes to the penitentiary I will have sinned in vain. I cannot answer for the future if he fails to comply with our wishes."

"All the more reason why you should exert yourself today. You can tell him that Bessie and I will be married at five this afternoon."

"Very well. I wish you success, Charley," she answered, moving away.

To the watcher's surprise she sat bolt upright.

"Thanks," he replied, "I feel confident that my luck is close at hand. Nothing can stop the ceremony now. Beside will be my wife before night."

This fascinating story of a village crime and mystery will be continued in next week's Ledger. See special subscription offer on page fifteen.

In Police Court.

"Is it true that you have been saying that Green has stolen your purse?"

"Oh, no—I did not go so far as to say that! All I said was that if Green had not assaulted me in looking for the purse I should have found it again."

A ROMEO OUTDONE.

The garden wall, illuminated by the moon, is white amid the dark green shrubbery, the night air with a savor of dampness stirs the clusters of white flowers, and the shower of star-shaped blossoms falls silently like perfumed snow.

A curly dark head peeps over the top of the ladder, and a voice that wishes to be firm betrays a slight tremor, hesitating between the syllables:

"Are you there?"

"I am here. But for heaven's sake, speak low. There is still a light in papa's room. Oh, dear me, I'm so frightened! I haven't any blood in my veins!"

"Come farther this way. Don't be afraid. Come under the shadow of the branches; soon, farther this way."

She advanced with little, uncertain short steps. Her slender white figure, still almost that of a child, dies along the gravel of the path. She crushes trembling at the foot of the low wall, among the branches of drooping ivy, and looks up toward the laughing eyes which shine through the leaves.

"Oh, Alfredo! And if you fall and hurt yourself!"

"The idea! My poor little dove! You are all like that, you women. I, instead—difficulties animate me. They spur me onward as they electrify me. For you I would be capable of much more, Maria, do you care for me?"

"Yes; speak low. I hear a creaking."

"It is the wind. Do you care for me? Swear it!"

"I swear it! Don't joggle the ladder. Look—oh, the ladder is tottering!"

"I need your love in order to struggle against life. A mass of blockheads, of scoundrels, if idiots. But we will triumph over everything, will we not, Maria?"

"What?"

"Be strong and faithful. Be my muse and my poetry."

"But I am. Only, you know, papa is so strict he would like to have me play dolls yet, and he says that you——"

"What? Speak! I am prepared for everything. What did he say? I am superior to these trifles. Tell me!"

"That you are a naughty boy, that you would do far to be at your lessons and that if he catches you——"

Interrupting, the wind laughs among the trees with a soft little murmur of irony.

"Are you weeping, treasure? I will avenge your tears, one by one."

"Yes."

The sweet, musical little voice is lost in a stammer of sobs. "Your father is a barbarian, a tyrant like nuns, but no matter. Love is light, is power; it crushes obstacles, levels difficulties—in a few years you will be mine."

"Yes, but if you do not pass the examination."

"I shall pass it. A thing of no account. The teacher has a little pet—what's-its-name what a beast. Maria, I have brought you something. I have kissed it so much. Promise, darling, that you will keep it always, you know, even when it shall be withered. Take it. No, your fingers—no, your sprays."

She holds forth, spread, her ample chiffish apron, and the flowers down, light as a flake, a large pansy, with thick, soft petals, dotted with gold, which seem like the ardent eyes of a living person.

She takes it into her trembling little hands and places it on her lips with a lubricitous fervor.

"Swear to me that you will not be false to me," insists the fervid lover of fifteen years of age. "By the memory of your mother, promise me that you will not be another's."

She weeps a little more loudly.

"Poor mamma!

"Yes, she looks on from heaven!

"She will not be pleased with me!

"Indeed, I am doing wrong!

"How dark it is!

"And if papa should suspect!

"And if your——"

"What ideas, Maria. They are sound ideas, but you are a child and do not know anything of love any longer—do you understand? They don't remember what it means to love like you and me, without fear, without cowardliness, with a fulness of felicity, with that intoxication——"

This phrase, read in a realistic novel, appears unwilling to be recalled with ex-

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acttitude. And perhaps it is on this account that the moon hides behind the cedar of Lebanon, fringed with silver, its broadly smiling face.

"Alfredo, it is late—let me go."

"No, not yet—how can you think of anything as commonplace as sleep? It is a delicious night. I am wide awake, full of daring. There is a wildness in my blood which lashes it onward. I feel myself capable of great, heroic enterprises. What's that?"

His voice, arisen by degrees to the decided intonation of manhood, is lost in an exclamation of useless childish terror.

The ladder creaks, trembles, shakes with a great push from invisible hands.

"Ah, you rascal!

"I've caught at last!

"Idler, madcap, good-for-nothing!

"Boy hardly out of the nursery!

"I'll teach you!"

Thump! Thump!

The wind rattles the branches with dry little insulting laughs, while from the other side of the wall ensounds a desperate cry, and the great white face of the moon pityingly veils itself in the mist of night and mercifully conceals the shame of the place of paternal punishment.

Disagreeable February.

The discomforts of this month can be escaped by taking advantage of the winter excursions of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad to one of the many pleasant resorts of the South. This line offers unsurpassed facilities for reaching the cities in the South, the winter resorts of the beautiful Gulf Coast, of Florida, of California, and of the West Indies. Write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., for folders descriptive of Florida and the Gulf Coast.

For Mothers.

Stewed figs are a simple and sufficient laxative for children. Cover the figs with water and stew slowly until tender, adding a little sugar if desired. They are best eaten at breakfast. Avoid giving your children medicine for constipation; the difficulty should be relieved as suggested and by regulating the diet.

MANLY VIGOR---NO DRUGS

When I started out 30 years ago as a young doctor in treating weak men, I gave drugs. I didn't know any better. But when I found there was really so little reliance to be placed in medical treatment, I commenced to cast about for other remedies.

One time I experimented with the galvanic current of electricity, and from that to the present day—25 years—I have not written a prescription for weak men. I have demonstrated the fact that a general treatment is required to gain lost strength, because these troubles come on slowly and involve not alone the nervous system and glands, but the Heart, Stomach, Kidneys, Liver, Bladder, &c.

Electricity, I found, came up to the requirements of a general treatment, because Electricity is strength or nerve force, and it supplied the system with this lacking element; it built up slowly but surely the whole organism without the least stimulation, without a particle of danger. In the beginning, I gave a battery treatment, but I soon found that a home self-application was needed. I knew then that a portable battery was required, one which would give plenty of electricity and at the same time be light and convenient. This led me to invent a chain of cells which was worn around the patient's waist.

That first chain of cells was the beginning of what has developed into my 1899 model, Dr. Sanden

ELECTRIC BELT

with suspensory, the great treatment for weak men. Now known the world over.

Last year I restored 5,000 to strength who suffered from the results of youthful errors or later excesses, such as Lame Losses, Nervous Debility, Lame Back, Impotency, Varicocele, &c.

Currents instantly felt, but under complete control of wearer, simply turn regulator screw to make mild or strong. Put it on at night when going to bed, and take it off next morning. Keep this up 60 to 90 days. That will bring back the lost vigor. If in or near these cities call, consult and examine free of charge or write for

FREE BOOK

"Three Classes of men," which explains all and is sent free by mail in plain sealed envelope. All correspondence given faithful attention.

DR. B. W. SANDEN, 826 Broadway, New York, N. Y., or

183 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

In Forgiving Mood.

"Do you recognize me, sir?"

"I do not."

"I expected as much. I am the wretched man who eloped with your daughter five years ago. Take her back, sir, and all will be forgiven.—Life.

Proof of Ability.

"What does he know about finances? I don't see why we should accept him as our candidate. He's never had any practical experience in business affairs."

"Perhaps he doesn't know anything about business but he's an able financier all the same. He spent $5,000 getting elected to a $1,500-a-year office once and came out a rich man."

The Artful Man.

"And, then," the fair maiden went on with her narration, "I covered my face with my hands and wept.

"Impossible," ejaculated the young man. "You could not cover your face with those small hands."

And she was his from that day forward and they lived happily ever after.

Much More Serious.

"It has come at last!" sobbed the lovely bride of a month. "The first quarrel!"

"What, with your husband?" inquired her pitying friend.

"No—" she faltered, lifting her tear-stained eyes; "much worse—with the cook!"

The Cheerful Idiot.

"I played poker with an Indian once," said the Cheerful Idiot.

"Beat him?" asked the unsuspecting shoe-store boarder.

"He took my last Chippewa," said the Cheerful Idiot.

A Lover of Peace.

Passer-by—Policeman, there's a fight round the corner.

Policeman—Thank you, sir; I'll do as much for you some day.

And he walked in the opposite direction.

Mutual Astonishment.

Mother—I saw him kiss you; I am terribly shocked! I did not for a moment imagine he would take such a liberty!

Reverse—Nor did I, mamma—in fact, I bet him he daren't!

Natural History Headlight.

Teacher—Miss Street, can you tell me what is most peculiar in the hatching of the cuckoo?

Miss Street (doubtfully)—It generally builds its nest in a clock.

Like His Father.

"My son," said a father to a 7-year-old hopeful, "I must discipline you. Your teacher says you are the worst boy in the school."

"Well, pape," was the reply, "only yesterday she told me I was like my father."

Mere Fiction.

Miss—I have just been reading such a funny novel about a couple on a honeymoon. There is not a dull moment in it.

Mrs.—There isn't? Then it is not one of these realistic stories.

To Stimulate Business.

"That furniture store gives pocketknives with every sale."

"Of course that fixes the small boy in the family to whittle up the furniture."

Success Comes to those who persevere. If you take Hood's Sarsaparilla faithfully and persistently, according to direction, you may depend upon a cure when a cure is possible.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. Cure indigestion, sick headache.

Safer.

"Well, he has killed his man in his time."

"Duelist?"

"No. Doctor."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Brood of Woodpeckers.

"A funny thing happened up to our mill at Chelsea recently," said Mr. Shepard. "Our mill foreman had been feeding a hen on hemlock sawdust and meal mixed. He gradually reduced the amount of meal, until finally he fed her nothing but hemlock sawdust, and she seemed to thrive on it. As she wanted to set, he gave her a dozen of her own eggs and she hatched out eleven woodpeckers and one chicken with a wooden leg. I tell you there is merit in hemlock, even in the sawdust."

Up to Snuff.

"Are you going to write a note telling Santa Claus what you want this Christmas?" asked little Davie Gazzam of Benny Bloobumper.

"Of course," replied Benny with a wink of his other eye, "and I'm going to give it to papa to post, too."

Perhaps.

"What on earth do you suppose the man was thinking of to go and marry seventeen wives? He must be crazy?"

"Oh, I dunno. Maybe he thought of going out to Utah and running for congress."

He Was Very Frank.

The Maid—Ah, when you're away you'll meet so many girls more beautiful and more charming than—

The Man (bravely)—I know it, dear, but I shall pray for strength.

Cheerful Giver.

Hewitt—It is more blessed to give than to receive.

Jewett—That's just what a pugilist is thinking about when he dodges a blow and lands one on his opponent's solar plexus.

It's Work Done.

Jimmy—I've broke my knife!

Johnny—Gee, but don't yer feel bad?

Jimmy—Not very. I'd cut my initials on all ther furn'ture there was.

Audacity.

"This climate disagrees with me," said Mr. Meekton's wife.

And Mr. Meekton, who was reading, absently exclaimed: "How does it dare!"

If some newspaper portraits of handsome women are accurate beauty is quite a distance outside the cuticle.

GOING FAST.

Papa (on the top of the stairs)—Is that young man gone, Mamie?

Mamie—Yes, papa; awfully!

Might Be Worse.

Mrs. Enpeck—Ah, well; things are never so bad but that they might be worse.

Mr. Enpeck (in whom the like has suddenly been aroused)—I know it. I might have been born a Mormon.

A Bargain Christmas.

"No, our real Christmas doesn't take place until the 15th of January."

"Why is that?"

"It's my wife's notion. She insists upon waiting for the January clearance sales."

An Expedient.

Poet gloomily)—I don't see how it is going to be possible any longer to keep the wolf from the door.

Poet's wife—You might sit on the doorstep and read aloud one of your rejected poems.

Right in His Line.

"Did you tell that young man that there are microbes in a kiss?" said Mamie.

"Yes," answered Mamie. "But he has a reputation to sustain as a hero. He doesn't dare be afraid of anything."

Bravery.

Watts—I noticed a photograph of a wild cat not long ago, taken just when the beast was about to spring at the photographer.

Potts—That is nothing. Peck has a snapshot he took of his wife as she was coming at him with a kettle of hot water.

The Polite Man.

"I like to see people conciliatory and willing to please," remarked Mrs. Nextdoor, "but when my husband apologizes to his laundryman for selling so many collars during the week he makes me kind o' tired."

"The Sheriff of Deadwood county bet the Sheriff of Bulldoze county he would hang the most men in a year."

"Well, how did it turn out?"

"The Deadwood Sheriff won by a neck."

Free to Invalid Ladies.

A safe, simple home treatment that cured me after years of suffering with uterine trouble, displacements, hemorrhages, etc., sent free to ladies with full instruction how to use it. Address Mrs. L. Hutnut, South Bend, Ind.

Satisfied.

His Wife—I hope this cook will stay.

The Suburbanite—So do I. She seems to be an easy boss.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children, teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

A Butter.

"Does goat's milk make good butter?"

"It does if it takes after the goat."—Judge.

Perhaps.

"What on earth do you suppose the man was thinking of to go and marry seventeen wives? He must be crazy?"

"Oh, I dunno. Maybe he thought of going out to Utah and running for congress."

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Farmer Barnes—I seen ez show called "Pantomime" in town, wasn't worth a darn!

Farmer Hay—How wus that?

Farmer Barnes—Why every cussed actor had ther stage fright so bad they couldn't say a darn word!

At the Theater.

"Really, Jane, dear," said Mr. Robbster to his wife, as they sat down in the theater, "your hat is too high. Take it off and put it in your lap."

"Well, I like that!" snapped Mrs. Robbster. "If I put that hat in my lap how am I going to see over it?"

Corner on Kisses.

"Mary, I saw the baker kiss you today. I think I shall go down and take the bread in the future."

"I wouldn't be no use, ma'am; he would not kiss you, 'cose he promised me he'd never kiss anybody else but me."

Still We Pay.

The Foreigner—Yes, your war was rather costly, but still, if you dance you must pay the fiddler.

The Yankee—Yes, but we weren't the ones that danced.

She Recalled an Instance.

"Mrs. Peddicord," said that lady's husband, "did you ever say anything that you afterward regretted saying?"

"Certainly. I said yes once and have been sorry for it ever since."

But the Doctor.

The Wife—Yes, at first, my dear, the doctor thought that your illness had affected your brain.

The Husband—He still thinks so, it seems, from the bill he sent in yesterday.

Ruling Passion.

The Medium—The spirit of your husband is here, if you wish to ask him any question.

The Widow—I want to ask him where he has been.

Inducements.

Billy—Does your mother give you anything if you take your medicine without crying?

Gilly—No, but she generally gives me something if I don't.

His Ailment.

Reservation Surgeon—Well, what's the matter, with you?

Hiawatha—Indian corn.

Principle of the Thing.

"Feller spoke disrespectfully of my sister."

"What did he say?"

"Said my sister wore false teeth."

"Does she?"

"Didn't eat no sister. It was the principle of the thing that I got licked for!"

Gone Simple.

"That missionary," the head fuller reported, "has gone daft."

"He will still do," replied the King of Mowpks, for a simple repast."

If the gardener isn't a crack shot he has a lot of experience with little shoots.

"Why did you cut his acquaintance?"

"He kissed me six times."

"Well, you didn't mind that, did you?"

"No, but then he stopped."

AT POSSUM RUN.

Ike Quigley's Articles Describing School Days and Funny Happenings There.

NO. 10.

Oh, but it was hot! In the very center of the blue dome of sky was the great yellow sun, and to the boy with a piece of smoked glass it looked much like a big fried egg, "sunny side up." Not a speck of cloud floated above the horizon to act as fleeting sun-shades, and the pitiless rays baked the earth until it assisted like a well-done Thanksgiving turkey just from the oven.

The Possum Run scholar factory had shut down for the noon hour and the squirming youngsters had flown to the woods above the schoolhouse to eat their dinners. Some distance down the lane under the shelter of a huge beech tree was a group of ten-year-olds who were enjoying the short freedom from the heated schoolroom. It was too hot to play; it was too hot to talk, and so the time passed in silence. One bare-footed, bare-legged lad lay stretched full length upon the sward, another was propped up against the tree, two more sat upon the topmost rail of the fence, while still another sauntered about within the circumference of the great tree's shade.

Suddenly the boy upon the ground exhibited signs of animation; rolling over on his side so he could see the other boys he stuck up his hand exhibiting the first two fingers spread apart like a V. His sign was hailed with glee by the boys on the fence, and the one leaning against the tree, and immediately dressed as they ran. When they came to the swimming hole each one dropped his clothes in a little heap and running out the spring board, dove head first into the water. An instant later four heads bobbed up from the placid pool and on each face was a grin of enjoyment. How Johnny envied the abilities they had displayed, and as he slowly undressed he wondered if he would ever be able to dive from the spring board.

"Hurry up!" they called to him as he walked down to the shelving shore, each step above a painful on account of his tender feet. Gingerly he stuck one foot in the water and drew back with a shudder.

"It's cold," he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise.

"Naw, it's hot," answered Jimmy West. "Jump right in."

"I don't believe I'll go in," replied Johnny, retreating up the bank.

Instantly four heads sank below the water and eight feet were to be seen wiggling above the surface. A few seconds later the four boys reappeared and each one had all the black mud he could grasp in his right hand.

Spat! Spat! Spat! Spat! went these four handfuls of mud, and each one struck poor Johnny somewhere on his body.

"Now will you come in?" yelled the boys.

Of course he had to go now and he waded out into the creek, shivering at every step, as the water rose higher and higher on his legs. Jimmy West had swum around to one side of him, while the others were arranged so as to complete a circle. Then with their open hands they began to splash water upon him; it was a veritable deluge. Turn which way he would a flood of water would strike him in the face. He stumbled about gasping for breath and soon stepped off the "bench" into deep water. He went under like a stone, but soon came to the surface, spouting water like a whale. The terrified lad struck out blindly, and a moment later was astonished to find that in his excited state he had swum entirely across the creek.

"Touch at right now," called Harry. "Come back and we'll have some fun."

With some trepidation Johnny started to swim back and then found, to his delight, that he could swim all right.

"Now we can have a race!" They swam about like ducks and dived like fishes, played tag, and generally winning had the pleasure of ducking Jimmy West until he almost strangled him. They swam down the creek some distance and found a place where the mud was soft and slimy. In this they wallowed about like a lot of pigs until they resembled statues made of bronze. Then they waded into the water to disappear clean and white.

The time passed quickly; so quick, indeed, that all failed to note how long the shadows had grown. They must go home now, as they must wash back to the place where they had left their clothes. Johnny was startled to see an old cow standing by the bank placidly chewing up his nice green shirt waist. Uttering a yell of alarm he dashed up to her, when, with a snort, she dropped all there was left—a part of one sleeve—and ambled away.

Someone had happened along and tied the other boys' shirts into hard knots, but this was a small incident as compared to the calamity that had happened to Johnny, and that urchin was entirely overwhelmed by the occurrence. It had been so warm that he wore no coat; only the shirt-waist had protected his body, and now he had to go home with no other clothing than his trousers, shoes and stockings and hat.

Of course he got a whipping when he got home, and with the other boys he got another the next day at school, but one might imagine he did not care much, for he played hookey several times afterward during the same term of school.

Sport in Possum Run.

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Boys & Girls

We are giving away watches, cameras, solid gold rings, sporting goods, musical instruments & many other valuable premiums to boys and girls for selling 10 packages of Royal English Ink Powder at 10c each. Every package makes 5c worth of fine ink. We take no money—you sell the powder, return the money and we send the premium you select at once and full instructions. When you sell the Ink Powder send the money to us and select your premium. This is an honest offer. We trust you. Don't lose this grand opportunity. Write for the outfit today. Address all orders to Imperial Ink Essence Co. 81 Adams St. Oak Park, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Honorable, genteel WORK either sex, no capital. Free Samples for stamp. Eyeglass Reporting Co., Box 2, N. Y. Mills, N. Y.

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$75 Month and Expenses; no experience needed; position permanent; self-seller. Frazer Mfg. Co., Hiatt's C. Cincinnati, O.

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SHAW buys & TAN, Reno, Fruit Book Free. STARK BRO'S Stark, Mo. We PAY FREIGHT

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LADIES WANTED To make sample patches at home. $5 to $10 per week. Send reply envelope for samples and particulars. H. E. FOSTER MACHINE CO., 9 1st 30th Street, New York

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GOOD PAY for working evenings for us. Send for particulars. Address for this week, Box 800, Cincinnati, O

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SKIRT AGENTS wanted to sell a new and superior line of skirts. Also detachable lines of waists and belts. Terms reliable. Charleston Skirt Co., Dept. W, Park Row Bldg., Cor. Broadway, New York

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When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS: We are every man or woman a solid gold-plated Initial Button (Letter) Diamond Scarf Pin, which we will buy back for $5.00 if not as represented. It is easily sold and pleases at sight. Guaranteed for beauty, brilliancy and durability. We give it free for dispensing of 10 cards of Perfumery and to any friends at 15 cents each case. Simply send name and address and we will mail you 10 cards, postpaid. When sold, send us $1.50 and the money and we will mail you the pin. You get $3.50 from ourselves $75 Diamond. We like performers back if you write. Address W. S. Simpson, Box 38, New York.

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to wash as clean as can be done on the washboard, even to the wristbands and collar of the dirtiest shirt, and with much more ease. This applies to Iowrift's Rub-No-More Soap. It will be sent direct to you at wholesale prices. If not satisfactory, money will be refunded. Agents wanted. For exclusive territory, terms & prices write Portland Mfg. Co., Box 81, Portland, Mich.

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8000 BICYCLES

Must be sold in 30 days. $5.00 to $12. Second hand wheels $3 to $8. Sundries at half. Send for free catalogue. Write us before you buy. Agents wanted. Big profits. Sell on 10 days' trial. Shipped subject to examination. Great factory-clearing sale. Write us before you buy. Cycle Co., Dept. 1, Chicago.

TAKE A BICYCLE

by helping us advertise our agency. Write for FREE SAMPLE of goods we sell to agents. Bicycles and sundries at factory prices. Agents wanted everywhere. C. R. MEAD & PEDRICK, Chicago, Ill.

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Watch and Chain FOR ONE DAY'S WORK.

We send this Nickel-Plated Watch, also a Chain and Charm to Boys and Girls for selling 15 dozen packages of BLUINE at 10c. each. Send your full address by return mail and we will forward the Bluine, postpaid, for sale. Don't delay. Write to-day.

No money required. We send the Bluine at our own risk. You go among your neighbors and sell it. Send us the money that you get for it and we send you the Watch, Chain and Charm, prepaid.

This is an American Watch, Nickel-Plated Case, Open Face, Heavy Beveled Crystal. It is Guaranteed to keep Accurate Time, and will prove every atom of it.

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The Many-Headed Octopus.

The new trusts established in 1898 would fill columns of this paper. All over the country the big manufacturers, street railroad owners, lighting and power companies, brewers, etc., have been whipped into gigantic combinations, and the combined capital of which foots up to the enormous figure of $917,857,500—almost an even billion.

In the line of trusts formed last year there are companies that produce the following necessaries of life:

Hay, fish, rubber, candy, lamp chimneys, linseed oil, thread, snuff, shingles, mattresses, pottery, steel, wire, canned goods, needles, ice, ice cream, cameras, lumber, beer, whisky, scissors and shears, starch, envelopes. While since Jan. 1, this year, prunes have been added to the list, and bananas are threatened.

In Chicago we have the $10,000,000 milk trust, practically formed, and the people are wondering what next?

A railway train traveling day and night at the rate of fifty miles an hour would reach the moon in six months, the sun in 200 years and the nearest of the fixed stars in 42,000,000 years. Tickets for spring poets will be furnished free by all editors on application.

An Omaha jury has released a prize-fighter who killed another in a "boxing match" in that city last October. A similar occurrence in Chicago or about the same time under police protection has not even been brought to the attention of a jury.

Chinese women maintain that the gloss, ness and beauty of their hair are due to a diet of rats. It is to be noted that this cannot be tested here in the absence of any description of proprietary medicine.

If old Geronimo had the ear of Aguinaldo for about five minutes he could give him some useful information as to the expediency of going on the warpath against the great father at Washington.

It must be remembered that the 1,400 islands of the Philippine archipelago are not all of "the white man's burden." General Alger and General Miles may each write a book.

It is said that the republicans of Spain have decided to begin an energetic campaign against the government. Anything energetic in Spain will have the charm of novelty.

Doctor Mary Walker attended the methodist congress at Washington. She represented the fathers.

SALLY MIGGS' DISGRACE.

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

"Didn't nobody ever tell ye about how Sally Miggs fell from grace?" inquired old Mrs. Peters as she leaned over the front gate. "Wall, it's a story I allers figger that'd be one of ther fust things you'd hear in Kilo, she bein' sich a fav'rite young woman in her day, an' jest as pop'lar now, to be sure! Now you come right in an' set down while I'm a-pickin' this here hen, an' I'll tell ye all about it. Ther parson's comin' fer dinner, an' I hain't no time ter lose.

"Wall, nigh on thirty year ago me an' Sally was girls together, an' we jist thunk ther world an' all of each other, sure enough, an' where Sally went I went, an' where I went Sally was a-goin'. Sunday ter mornin' an' evenin' meetin', an' prayer meetin' an' ther revivals together. They wasn't no dancin' ther days, an' we had a-gone there, too. That's how come we both got ther spirit at ther same time, an' both was baptis an' jined church. An' after that, fer I do say ter myself, there wasn't no town in Kilo lived closer accordin' to ther light, give 'em than me an' Sally Miggs. Keerful! Why, all that summer Sally was jest two, 'cause we had been a leetle giddy an' light-headed-afore. Ther-day Sally Miggs was unconsious fond of dancin' an' fun, an' all of ther hull time she was up, an' up she was give!

"Now, I ain't sayin' nothin' erbout myself, 'cause ther Lord knows I ain't no eater, nur never was; but I will say that Sally Miggs was jist ther sweetest an' purtiest gal ever lived in Kilo. I never see sich a kind an' an' she was engaged private an' unbeknownst to any but me an' Sally allus told me ev'rythin'.

"They wasn't ter be married for two years, 'cause Sally wouldn't be of age until then, but the deacon watched her mighty close, an' Sally walked home from meetin' with her. He didn't make much love, 'cause he'd a-been a blessed lookin' old monkey at thet, but jist talked heaven an' her soul's good, an' religion, an' so on, an' finally got the poor innercent gal so frightened of hell an' damnation ther she really believed that unless she married him she would surely be lost. Ter think of it! An' her ther sweetest lectle gal that ever trod airth! I did my level best ter swing her 'round an' get her loose from the old deacon, but I wasn't no use.

"Wall, ez I went on that-away fer erbout a year an' a half, an' folks was all a-talkin' erbout Sally Miggs, an' how scand'lous it was fer her ter marry an old codger like him, an' her so sweet an' good an' sure, an' almost sanctified, tho' she never did quite believe she was that. But she suttinly was ther best singer in the church, and whole sweed of anybody was. An' she had sich a talkin', gentle way erbout her that she could make a feller feel most sanctified an' when we was havin' revivals at two-three Sally Miggs she converted three most lost souls.

"Erbout six months afore Sally's eighteenth birthday there was a wonderful revival in Kilo. Souls that had never felt the mortlef of ther sperit was moved ther, an' mang gost caved that has since gone above ther was so much excitement goin' on that nobody took notice of it, but I 'low the deacon was mighty mad, an' ter make et worse Sally let Tom Gordon see her home thet night. Ther old deacon he follered erlong behind, ez mad ez blazes, an' when Tom Gordon left Sally at ther gate ther old deacon come up, an' meby he didn't give her a talkin' to! An' pore lectle Sally she jest wept an' wept, an' in ther end ther old deacon come et all over her agin, an' he made her promises that so long ez she held a soul ter save she would be his'n. An' Sally she was so mistook she promised, an' she agreed thet ez long ez she held any hope of heaven she would jine her life ter old Deacon Busby's. Oh, he certainly was a sly ole codger, 'cause he knowed once Sally give a promise she'd never break it.

"Wall, sir, ther next night Tom Gordon he didn't ask Sally fer ter let him see her home, an' 'twouldn't hev done no good, anyways, 'cause she had ter walk home a-holdin' ter the ole deacon's arm, an' I 'low that's all she was awful sorry he was a lost soul, but then she must leave him erlone, 'cause ter touch a pitch shall be defiled, an' thet she would always pray for him, an' so on.

"An' after that ther old deacon he'd condon see me home from every meetin', an' I was mighty proud, 'cause I knowed I only did it 'cause it gave him a chance ter walk behind Sally an' me.

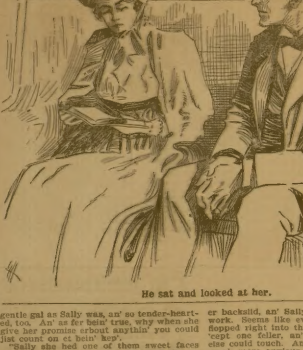
"Wall, by an' by, Tom quit comin' ter meetin', an' I noticed Sally 'ud allus look round ther church when she come in, when she didn't see him she would look kinder sad, an' I might 'a' been mistook but I 'low I was. So I up an' tole Tom Gordon, an' ef ever ther was a happy feller it was Tom, fer was long nigh Christmas then, an' cold as Greenland's icy, but ther next prayer meetin' night Tom an' Sally an' Sis Miggses porch until ther ole deacon let Sally at ther gate, an' then she she come an' tole me how Tom says, 'How do, Sally?' and Sally she says, 'Jest fine, Tom. How's things?' says she. 'Oh, Tom!' an' thet ther great strong feller he has her in his big arms, an' a-huggin' her ez ef he never meant ter let go, an' he jist kisses her a good one right on her lips, an' his eyes sparkle at her, an' Sally she says, 'Oh, Tom!' mighty mad, but she couldn't stir hand nor foot, an' Tom he just held her there. Then he says, 'you love me, an' you know you do, an' Sally says, 'yes, Tom,' an' Tom he says that old 'fa'm-singin' fraud. You're goin' ter marry me.' An' then she begin ter cry, an' she says, 'I'm goin' ter marry Sol' but Tom he just hugs her up tighter, an' he kisses her real soft like. 'Sol' says Tom, 'I hadn't never kissed her, 'cause she wouldn't let me, but now I'll do it ez often ez I like, an' I did do jist what he pleased. An' funt thing Sally knew she had her arms round his neck an' was a-kissin' him back, an' Tom kep' talkin' soft like all ther time, a-comfortin' her, an' he kep' carryin' on like that, an' you will marry me, Sally,' an' you must marry me, Sally,' an' ther poor gal was jist hypnotized, though we didn't know of no sich thing then day.

"Then she said she was jist dyin' fer someone ter love her, an' ther ole deacon hadn't no more love in him than a snake, an' all ther time she felt like a sinner, but she had never been so happy all her life. An' at last she up an' says, 'Tom, I do love yer, an' I have, sir! I can't help it, but I can't never marry you 'cause I promised Deacon Busby, an' I can't break my promises.' Then Tom says, 'What did yer promise him?' an' Sally tells him all erbout et, an' how she promised ter be Deacon Busby's wife ef her soul was saved. Then kinder stumped Tom, an' he just said, 'Thunk it!' Sally she thought he was kinder sullen over his mouth, but 'twas too late, an' ther wust of it was ther ole deacon he happened ter go by jist then, an' heard it. But he just sneaked by, an' Sally an' Tom never knew he'd been there.

"Wall, next time Sally sees ther deacon she up an' tells him ev'rything, like she had a right ter, an' ther ole deacon pertends ter be awful shocked, an' he says Tom is a lost soul, an' that he heard Sally say, 'I mean it.' An' he says that anybody what uses that word in Sally's way she shan't have right up an' says she don't believe no little thing like that, an' nobody's got ter do it, an' the deacon he says 'Yes, it does,' an' then she'd better make Sally promise she won't be with Tom, an' at last she won't promise thet, 'cause Kilo is sich a leetle town she couldn't well help seein' him ef she wanted once in a while.

"When Sally got home she got ter thinkin' erbout what ther deacon had said, an' erbout Tom, an erbout ther deacon, an' ther more she thought erbout ther deacon, an' ther more she hated ther fish-eyed ole codger. An' ther next day Tom Gordon he fust had, an' she hardly seemed alive, but one night, a week afore Christmas, she got up right in the middle of ther night an' kneeled down on ther floor an' prayed 'till ther sun rose, an' she wasn't sorry a mighty solumn, but she 'peared ter be comforted, an' she was.

"Ther day afore Christmas Sally's aun was goin' ter visit, an' ther deacon he 'lowed as ther deacon was ter be there, an' Sally coaxed until her aun invited Tom Gordon, an' that's how it come that Sally was engaged an' thoughtful, but she was er lot more happy than she had been in a month, 'cause she couldn't hardly seem ter wait fer dinner ter come, an' Mr. Wigly, ther minister, wi' his wife, an' a bull lot more, an' ther deacon an' Tom Gordon they jist come an' ther deacon he says ter Sally's aun that Sally was a-goin' ter be married, an' he says he'd be glad ter see her good an' hearty. An' Tom an' the deacon they wiggled their eyes somethin' awful, but they didn't know what was up. Then Sally, real solumn like, says, 'I have long been a mem-



He sat and looked at her.

gentle gal an Sally was, an' so tender-hearted, too. An' as fer bein' true, why when she give her promise erbout anythin' you could jist count on it, Sally did.

"Sally she hed one of them sweet faces with big blue eyes, kinder perked like, an' of she was allus a leetle bit surprized at what you was sayin'. But she kinder eyes thet once yer see 'em yer knowed from then minute thet Sally's soul was all right, an' had nice yaller hair, sort ez these pin feathers, an' ther prettiest hands in Kilo. But what took me most was ther gentle, sweet way she hed. Why, ther man what 'ud say a cruel thing ter Sally Miggs 'ud be a brute! Jest plumb brute!

"Lemme see, where was I? Oh, yes, me an' Sally got converted thet winter, an' Sally was jist sixteen year old, an' natchully she was kinder easy swayed, bein' a leetle sort of a gal anyways, an' seems like ole Deacon Busby began ter make love ter Sally right erway. Ther ole deacon he'd been a power in ther church for years, an' he suttenly held helped convert Sally, an' I guess Sally kinder felt she owed her soul ter him. Anyhow, she seemed ter almost worship ther old deacon, though he was thirty years older'n Sally, an' a old, ugly, leetle children besides, bein' a widower.

"Say, it's mighty curious how quick of these old geezers gits over young gals, ain't it? Thet was jist ther way ter with old Deacon Busby. He was one o' them dried-up ole codgers thet sing out almighty loud in meetin' an' then chastize whom they love-eth in a hoss trade. My, but he was closefisted an' cornery out o' meetin', but in meetin' he was ther Lord's right-hand man, ter hear him tell et. But he had a fishy eye, an' I allus say, 'Preserve me from a man with a fishy eye.' But, howsomedever, he suttinly did come on over Sally Miggs, an' by ther end of a month arter she had been converted she was jist a-worshipin' thet old fraud of a deacon, an' he

A Big Book About Band Instruments.

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ober o' your church, Mr. Wigly, an' I thought my soul was saved, but my heart inclines to the wicked, an' I can't help it from inclinin'." Deacon Busby here says that sayin' two certain words loses one's soul, an' there is one at this table who has said them words." At this Tom he got awful red, but Sally went right on. "My worldly safety is the most precious thing in the world to me, next to you, an' what that one is I don't need to say." Then she stopped an' looked down, an' tried ter say s'mothin', but seemed like she couldn't, an' all the time we all looked at her, thinkin' she must have gone crazy. An' twice more she got ready to say it, but she couldn't, an' she had to put her hands over her face to hide her blushes. Then quick as a wink she ran into her chum's closet an' shut the door. We all listened real close, for we was mighty scared, I tell you, an' just then come real soft an' low through ther door of ther chum's closet some words. We listened real still, and we jist managed to catch them. An' what do yer think Sally Miggs was sayin'? Why, she was sayin' 'Damn it, damn it, damn it!' real fast an' quick.

"Well I declare!" we all said, in unison. Then soon jist got up an' says, 'Alas! my soul is lost!' an' Sally she came out of ther closet, cryin' like her heart was broke, an' she says, I know it, I wanted it lost,' an' Tom he got up an' put his arm 'round her chair an' all of us, an' she jist clung to him tight. Oh, I tell yer it was an awful time. An' when ther ole deacon what Sally was goin' to be his wife, an' free from her promises he jist took his hat an' says, 'I am glad to see the ways of the Lord so godly,' an' skipped out.

"Next day, bein' Sunday, everybody was to church but Sally an' Tom, but they was makin' each other presents in ther Miggses parlor, an' I s'pose, and they was both o' souls, or savin' o' souls. But we had a spectin' prepare for 'em.

"Well, ole Deacon Busby he up an' fired ther Widder Hawkins instead o' me, an' Tom an' Sally was married pretty nich ther same Sunday, an' I must say nobody never had happier lives than Tom an' Sally has had.

"What? Oh, yes; long 'fore Mary Ann (that's their eldest child) was born Tom got 'em out good, an' Sally was took back into ther church, an' I believe that one swear was ther only one he ever done. Forgive? Of course, it was forgive! Why, didn't he lead for ther savin o' Tom Gordon? That's how Sally Miggs fell from grace, an' she one of ther angels on earth, of ther ever was such a thing. That's what it was all 'bout, but goodness me! if I thought I could trade my swear off for a feller like Tom Gordon I'd swear from now tell next Chr.-tmas"—Short Stories.

COFFEE CAUSED IT.

A Simple Way to Locate the Cause of Disease.

I was troubled for years with my stomach, and took all sorts of medicine, without being able to get well. I did not know all this time that the cause of the trouble was but since I quit drinking coffee, I found out that was the cause of my headaches and many days and nights of suffering.

Within an hour after breakfast, where I would drink a cup of coffee, I would spit up the meal, and if I drank coffee for supper, I would go to bed and my nerves twitched and jerked so badly that I was afraid of a fever.

Sometimes my stomach would flutter terribly.

I was afraid I would have paralysis, and I firmly believe I would if I had kept on using coffee.

I believe so much coffee drinking is the whole cause of so many dying with nervousness and heart trouble.

All I can say to all this nervousness and stomach trouble has left me since I have been using Postum Food Coffee according to directions on the package and I know of quite a number that have been helped by Postum.

If people would use Postum Cereal Food Coffee, they would save hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills, and children would be stronger and brighter if their parents would use it instead of coffee. Postum, of course, to be made right, but that is easy. Just let it boil fifteen or twenty minutes after it really starts to boiling, and you have a delicious drink."—Mrs. Annie Van Buskirk, 2632 Santa Fe Ave., Madison, Iowa.

Mincemeat.

Two pounds currants, five pounds peeled and cored apples, two pounds beef suet, three pounds sugar, one pint of citron, two and one-half pounds coffee sugar, two pounds raisins, one pound seedless raisins, two tablespoonfuls cinnamon, one nutmeg, one tablespoonful each mace, cloves, allspice, one pint each wine and brandy. Wash currants, dry, pick them, stone the raisins, remove skin and gristle from the beef, chop each ingredient up separately, very fine; then mix them in large pan, finally adding spices, Madeira and brandy; mix thoroughly; pack in jars; keep in cold place.

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Mince either cold chicken or veal very fine, mixing celery in with it; then well mixed, cut thin slices of bread pare off the crust and butter; place the mixture between the buttered slices only using salt as seasoning.

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Some Outside Assistance.

The Pessimist—There goes a self-made man. The Optimist—Not altogether! I put a nose on him.

GEORGIA DANCING SONG.

The sleet, it comes a-pettin, but we heard the fiddles play,
The gals was sweet an rosy an danced an awful gay;
An Sally cayred we fer winter? The fire was blazin bright,
We balanced to our partners an swung 'em left an right!

An Here you are, Miss Nancy, an, oh, Miss Mary Lou!
Your cheeks are mighty rosy, an who's been kissin you?
But gals must have their sweethearts, an all the world is bright!
When you have chance to our partners an swing 'em left an right!

Then keep the fiddles goin until the break o' day!
Fer Sally cayred me, an Christmas comes an music leads the way!
An Sally cayred me fer winter? We'll dance away the night!
So balance to our partners an swing 'em left an right!

THE BEETLE'S JOURNEY.

BY HANS ANDERSEN.

The Emperor's horse was richly gilded with gold; a golden shoe on each of its feet.

"Why have you golden shoes?

He was the most lovely creature, with clean legs, as slender as a man's and a mane that hung down his neck like a silk veil. He had carried his master through the fire and through the battle, and heard the bullets whistling around him; he had kicked, bitten, and struck down all that dared to the enemy advanced; and had sprung, with his master after him, over the fallen foe, and had saved the crown of the realm, and the life of the Emperor, which was more valuable than gold; and that is why the Emperor's horse had golden shoes, a golden shoe on each foot.

And the Beetle came creeping forth.

"What fellow is this?" said he, and then the little ones; but greatness is not the only thing that does good. And so saying, he stretched out his thin leg.

"What do you want?" asked the Smith.

"Golden shoes, the same as the horse.

"You must be out of your senses," cried the Smith; "does anybody else have golden shoes, too?"

"Golden shoes!" said the Beetle. "Am I not just as good as that big beast, yonder, that is waited on, and brushed, and has meat and drink given to him? Much like a silk too belong to the Emperor's stable!"

"But," said the Smith, "you want golden shoes? Don't you understand that?" asked the Smith.

"Understand? I understand that it is a slight affront," cried the Beetle. "It is a shame—and therefore I am going into the wide world."

"Go!" said the Smith.

"You're a rude fellow!" cried the Beetle; and then he went out into the open air, to a little way, and soon afterward found himself in a beautiful garden, that smelled sweetly of roses and lilacs.

"Is it not beautiful here?" asked one of the little Ladybirds that flew about with black dots on their wings that were like those of gold. "How sweet it is here—how beautiful!"

"Ah, used to better things," said the Beetle. "Do you call this beautiful? Why, there is not even a dung heap."

Then he went on, under the shadow of a sweet stock; a caterpillar was crawling along there.

"How beautiful the world is!" said the caterpillar. "The sun is so warm, and all is so charming. And when I go to sleep, and die, as they call it—I shall wake up as a butterfly."

"You're making believe!" exclaimed the Beetle. "You fly about as a butterfly indeed! I've come out of the stable of the Emperor's horse—that by the way has golden shoes—and I'm proud of the Emperor's favorite horse—that by the way is not true, for it's impossible—but of the dumb lines. Certainly the place was not accustomed to that, but I've made myself felt, but there was no better to be had, and so I'll go there for a whole day and a whole night, and die a glorious death at the end of time. Toward morning the Beetle crept under a head, he was out of temper about the climate.

On the linen tree frogs were sitting. Their bright eyes shone with pleasure.

"Wonderful weather this!" said one of them cried. "How refreshing!" And the linen keeps the water together so beautifully. My blood seems to quiver as if I were going to swim."

"I like to know," said the second, "if the swallow, who flies so far round in her many journeys in foreign lands, has found a better climate than this. Such drizzle such wet! It is really as if one were living in a wet ditch. If one does not like this, then he does not love his fatherland."

"Have you ever been in the Emperor's stable?" asked the Beetle. "There the dampness is warm and refreshing. That's the climate for me; but I cannot take it with me in my journey. Is there never a muck-heap here in the garden, where a person of rank, like me, can go and feel himself at home?"

But the frogs either did not or would not understand him.

"I never ask a question twice," said the Beetle after he had asked three times without getting any answer.

So he went on a bit, where by a broken flower pot; it ought not to have been lying there; but as it was once there, it gave shelter. Here lived several families of Earwigs; they did not want much house room, they only wanted to be close together. The females were all full of motherly pride, each and every one thought her the prettiest and smartest.

"Our son is engaged," said one mother. "Dear, innocent boy! His greatest hope is that he may creep one day into a parson's ear. He is such a dear little fellow, and being engaged will keep him steady. What joy for a mother!"

"Our son," said another mother, "had scarcely crept out of his shell, when he was off on his travels. He's all life and energy, he'll run his horns off! That is a huge joy for a heart! It is not so, Mr. Beetle?" for she knew the stranger by his horny coat.

"You've got both quite right," said he; but they begged him to walk in—that is to say, take seats as far as he could under the bit of flower pot.

"Now you shall also see my little earwig," said a third mother and a fourth; "they are the lovely little things, and so cunning. They are never ill-behaved, except when they have a stomach-ache; but one is very apt to have that at their age."

Thus each mother spoke of her baby; and the little babies squeaked, themselves, and used the little nippers they have in their tails to nip the beard of the Beetle.

"Yes, they are always busy about something, the little rogues!" said the mothers, and they were charmed with motherly pride.

But the Beetle felt bored by it, and so he asked the lady with the nearest muck-heap.

"What is quite out in the big world, on the other side of the ditch," said an Earwig, "so far that I hope none of my children will get there? So far as the dwelling."

"But I shall try to get so far," said the Beetle; and he went off without saying good-by; for that is polite.

By the ditch he met several friends—beetles, as he called them.

"Here we are," they said. "We are very well off here. Might we ask you to step down to our rich roast? You must be tired after your journey."

"That I am," said the Beetle. "I have been upon linen in the rain, and cleaning linen takes one's life of me. I have also a pain in one of my wings, from standing in a draught under a bit of pottery. It is really wonderful to be among one's own people once more."

"What have come from a muck-heap?" said the oldest of them.

"Ah!" cried the Beetle, "I come from the Emperor's stable, where I was born with golden shoes on my feet. I am traveling on state business, and I am not ask me what it is, for I can't tell you."

"What can you have engaged down into the rich mud. There sat three young beetles, and looked very tittered, because they did not know what to say.

"Not one of them is engaged yet," said their mother; and she tittered again, this time because they were so confused.

"I have been in better ones in the Emperor's stables," said the traveled Beetle. "And now there's nothing for it but to take them in, in turn."

"Hurrah!" cried all the other Beetles; and our friend was enraged. First the engagement, then the wedding, and then nothing to wait for.

The next day went off all right; the one after lagged, but on the third it was time to think of food for the wife, and perhaps for brats.

"I have let myself be taken in," said our Beetle. "And now there's nothing for it but to take them in, in turn."

So said, so done. Away he went; he was gone all day; he was gone all night; and his wife sat there a widow.

The other Beetles said that this fellow was a tramp whom they had taken into their family; and they turned up their noses.

In the meantime, the Beetle was on his journey, and had sailed across the ditch on a straw. Early in the morning a few persons came to the ditch. When they saw the Beetle they took him up, and turned him over, and looked at his breast, at least one of them did—a boy.

He struck with the black beetle in the black stone and in the black mud. Is not that written in the Book of Life, and then

(Continued on page fifteen.)

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BLUE WATER ROVERS.

In Search of What ?---A Thrilling Story of Peril and Adventure---To Quicken the Pulse of Boys and Girls.

By VICTOR ST. CLAIR.

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SYNOPSIS.

A strange ship appears at Gray Gull, a New England fishing village, very early. The craft is commanded by Karl Lorraine, a handsome young fellow. They believe the ship is a pirate craft, but Karl proves to be a most manly and likeable fellow. Jack Deems, a wealthy man living near Gray Gull, has a niece named Ned Ravine, who lives with him. Ralph Sterling, brother of Weatherbee, are on the scene. A hurricane drives them to sea. The ship and Ned Ravine are presently lost. When Ralph and Ned go to sea on excitement, Ralph saves Ned from drunk; attacks Ned in the new warship Jack Weatherbee and Ned go to sea on excitement. Ralph saves Ned from drunk; attacks Ned in the new warship Jack Weatherbee and Ned go to sea on excitement. Ralph saves Ned from the Silversail, the swiftest craft on the merchant marine. The latter is to get away from his brother uncle, Jack Deems. Captain Ravine is very sunny and cheering sailing for a sailing with her brother. Only she and Karl know the destination of the ship. A man on board, who seems to be insane, attacks Ned as if to destroy him.

CHAPTER IV.
UNCLE NEPTUNE.

The attack of the madman was so sudden and terrible that Ned was powerless to defend herself.

Ralph was too terrified to stir hand or foot.

At that critical moment, however, an unexpected preserver was at hand.

With a cry of horror the maiden reappeared on the scene, and springing in front of the wild assailant, it seemed for a moment that she must meet the fate intended for Ned herself.

But at sight of her the man paused and his arms fell by his sides.

"Shame upon you, Uncle Neptune!" she said. "He would not harm you. Come, let's go below. You and I will have nothing to do with such as they."

As meekly as a child he allowed her to lead him away, though once he glared back at Ned with a look the latter would not soon forget.

"Well, I should like to know what sort of a duffer he is!" exclaimed Ralph, as soon as he had recovered his presence of mind. "He's more than crazy."

Ned shook his head, at a loss to know the meaning of this new mystery of the Silversail.

While the boys were discussing the strange man's attack and the singular rescue of the maiden, Capt. Karl joined them with a pleasant greeting, though neither of them found the courage to refer to the matter to him.

So, as the maiden was not seen again that night, they were fain to await further developments.

As the vessel increased her speed she rolled and pitched so the boys began to feel the ill effects.

By the time the open water was reached they were in that state of mind and stomach which makes one afraid they won't die.

No sleep visited them that night, which was one long to be remembered by them.

Toward morning they did go to their berths and were able to lie down for a short time.

The next day dawned clear and beautiful. Ned and Ralph, feeling much better, came on deck.

Around them as far as they could see extended the blue, unbroken field of water, furrowed by short, curling waves that glistened and sparkled in the sunlight like burnished silver, and bounded by the deep azure line of the horizon, formed of the blended tones of the sky and ocean. Here and there in the extreme distance a few white specks, which they knew were sails, dotted the waste of waters.

The sea breeze fanned their feverish brows with a delicious coolness that fairly took away the ill effects of their previous sufferings.

Karl and his sister were sitting in chairs on the shady side of the quarterdeck.

The latter was beckoning to them, so they crossed the deck to them.

Karl rose graciously to meet them, and after repeating their names to Her, gave that of his sister.

"Your introduction is hardly needed, my brother," she said, arising from her seat and smiling very sweetly upon the twain; "for, you see, I introduced myself last evening, erhaps I did forget to give my name," she added, demurely. "Well, I am none the less glad to see you now."

Both Ralph and Ned were too much confused to answer intelligibly. However, Karl came quickly to their relief.

"Here comes one who wants an introduction, I am sure," he said.

"Ned, allow me to make you acquainted with our Quixotic friend, Senor Leon Calvo, who, if he has a light head, has a true heart."

Scraping his foot after the manner of nautical etiquette, and touching his forelock, a handsome, dashing youth of twenty approached the little group.

"I want to thank you, Ned, for saving my life yesterday to others worthless, perhaps, but the most valuable possession I have, I know we shall be friends."

Ned said he felt sure of it, and very modestly disclaimed anything worthy of praise on his part.

"So you are the bold youth who rescued Leon so gallantly," said Ivora.

"Ivora, you, too, for Leon is a favorite of mine, though I fear his rash conduct will get him into serious trouble yet."

Ned's gaze fell before hers, and he failed to make a reply. Indeed, Ralph, more full in his self-conceit, was equal to the occasion, and eager to gain her favor. He said:

"Yes, I told him it could be done, and I should have gone myself only one of us had to remain on deck."

"Indeed!" said Ivora, and, as the subject was not pursued further, he did not have to explain why he was obliged to remain behind.

"It is I who am your debtor for saving me from that strange man last evening," declared Ned. "Ivora a few minutes later, "I am sure he meant harm, and his wild ways quite took away my senses."

"I do not wonder, though I did nothing to deserve commendation. Uncle Neptune, as we call him, will do anything for me. But I never saw him so wild as he was last night, though we have to keep him confined all of the time.

"His is crazy," she continued, noticing Ned's and Ralph's inquiring looks. "He was not always so, and rarely ever speaks, except when we are having a storm; then he seems as sane as any of us. Strange, isn't it, that the wilder the storm, the calmer he is?

"I should hate to have an uncle like him," said Ralph.

"Oh, he is not my real uncle. The sailors began to call him Uncle Neptune, and I have fallen into the habit. None of us know his true name. We picked him up at sea during a fearful storm. He seemed all right then, but as the storm grew more cleared away, he became raving crazy. We called the poor man Uncle Neptune, and for him ever since. But he allows only Karl and myself to come near him."

"And you have never been able to learn anything of his past life?" asked Ned, greatly interested in the account of the unfortunate person.

"From the little that he is able to tell in his sane intervals, we think he was either cast away or left on some lonely island, where he must have stayed for a long time. Each occasion when his reason returns he is able to tell a little more of himself, so we hope some time to know the whole of his sad story. The last time he talked with me he begged that we would not set him adrift. Of course we would not do so.

"Come, Karl said, "it always throws a gloom over the spirits to speak of poor Uncle Neptune, and on this glorious day, the first of our voyage from Gray Gull, I don't want any of you to be sad."

"By the way, I suppose the good inhabitants of Gray Gull are looking very anxiously for us about this time. I much doubt if they ever see us again. I suppose that makes you homesick, Ned."

"Can one without a home be homesick?" he asked in reply. "Then, too, my father was a sailor."

"Give me your hand, my boy. I did not realize that. You may yet command a ship better than the Silversail."

Without bearing with them any incident worthy of mention, day after day passed, fair winds alternating with headwinds, the Silversail encountering no gale severe enough to call for a reef, though the light sails had been furled a few times in case of sudden squalls.

Notwithstanding the favorable weather, there were not many idle hours for the crew, for there is always plenty to do on shipboard.

There are guys to splice, sails to mend, the decks to wash and the thousand and one odd jobs that fall to the lot of a seaman. It is a ceaseless round of duty.

The farmer's boy may complain of the drudgery of his work, the apprentice of the monotony of his tasks and the clerk of the unvarying demands upon his time; but how much more tedious must be the daily service of the seaman.

He lives in a small world, encircled ever by that self-same circle of water For him there are no new landscapes of hills and plains, of rivers and valleys, but ever the sleepless tide, now capped with white billows, anon gliding like a huge mirror of placid as the blue vault above reflecting but its own image.

The Silversail in many respects was different from the average vessel in management as well as in construction. No profanity was allowed, and rough treatment was unknown.

Usually with sailing ships at the time of which I write the superior officer allowed little or no intercourse between himself and his crew. It was a word; if that were ignored, a blow was sure to follow.

The discipline on the Silversail was peculiar to a stranger, but perfect. Karl Lorraine was a name invariably given him, boy though he was in years, had a wonderful power over men under him. To a man they seemed to idolize him. His was not a boisterous nature, and no one from him seemed like a command. His crew had been chosen with care, for the moral character of man, and the young commander gave them no cause to think ill of him.

Ned found the meeting Ned felt a strong friendship for the young exile. But Ralph, exciting by the strange perverseness of his nature formed a dislike for him. Perhaps he thought to dazzle the latter by condescension, and thus a jealous feeling had arisen in his bosom. So far as it may, he took pains to show others rather than to associate with him in a wholesome way.

Ned had entered with a good hand into his work, to soon become a first-class sailor. He mastered the intricacies of knotting and splicing, could steer as good a helmsman as Calvo, who was a capital helmsman.

Strangely, enough Zack Deems ignored Ned as far as possible. Perhaps he saw the body of fermenting a quarrel and was waiting for a better opportunity. Once in passing Ned he muttered:

"I ain't forgot that blow, boy; my turn'll come by and by."

Ned forgot this threat before the smiles of Ivora.

Both she and her brother were very free in their conversation upon subject—in fact they say with themselves and the Silversail.

Not a hint had fallen from the lips of any one as to the ship's destination. Whither they were bound and for what purpose none seemed to know or care.

Once Ivora had incidentally admitted that "Karl was an exile and she an outcast."

The next moment she broke forth with a snatch of song apparently as light-hearted as if sorrow had never touched the youthful heart.

So the Silversail sped lightly on until the tropics were reached, and one day Karl announced that they were in the Blue Water realm.

"Is the water really blue?" asked Ralph. "I don't see any difference in the color."

"Not blue as you might think," said Karl; "but it has that deep azure tint easily recognized by those who are familiar to it. We pass its border with anxiety because it is here that we enter the kingdom of Conrad, the Blue Water Rover, who is our mortal enemy, and never pursue us beyond its limits, but as long as we are within its province we are continually dreading him."

From this hour the demanor of Karl changed. Every day some new smile gave place to a look of seriousness, and he was almost continually on the lookout for a sail.

"We are in the pathway of our most dreaded enemy," he said, "and with our small force a meeting with a foe is to be avoided. I pray we may escape his lynx eyes."

It the second day after entering the belt of blue water the breeze died away, and for three days there was not a breath sufficient to stir the smallest bit of canvas.

Such times are always irksome to the sailor, and if there is a mischievous spirit aboard it is sure to develop itself.

On the third afternoon of the calm Karl and Ivora, with half a dozen companions, among whom were Ned and Ralph, were enjoying the protection of the quarter-deck from the torrid sun, when a shrill laugh was borne to them from the maintop.

Looking up with surprise they saw some one clinging to the shrouds so far above them that his body appeared no larger than a child's.

CHAPTER VII.
FATE OF NED.

"Look!" cried a seaman. "It's Uncle Neptune!"

It was true.

Uncle Neptune was far above them, laughing and clapping his hands with glee.

"Come down!" cried Karl, and then, turning half in fun to Ned and Ralph, said:

"A new jacket to the boy who catches him."

Neither boy wanted more encouragement. Each ran up the shrouds like monkeys.

Ralph, however, were too late.

Uncle Neptune uttered a loud laugh and leaped far out into the sea.

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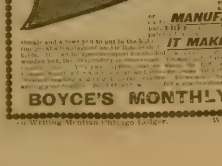

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He struck the water head foremost and went far beneath the surface.

Ned was about to follow suit when Karl held up his hand.

"Stop!" he cried. "Uncle Neptune can swim like a duck!"

While he spoke the commander of the Silversail threw a rope over the vessel's side.

When he rose to the surface Uncle Neptune caught it and a minute later he was standing on the water, dripping from his clothes on the Silversail's deck.

Ivora stood ready to receive him.

Taking him gently by the arm she led him below.

"It's only one of Uncle Neptune's pranks," said Karl, as he walked forward.

Ned and Ralph noticed that their captain's demeanor changed again.

His amusement at Uncle Neptune's prank lasted only a few minutes, and now he was the sober and thoughtful commander again.

The enemy, Corsair, the Blue Water Rover, and what would be the result of their meeting should they cross each other's path, again occupied our hero's mind.

Darkness was coming on and the sailors were putting the Silversail in order for the night.

The signal and other lights were in their places.

Karl still continued to pace the deck.

Half an hour passed.

No one dared to disturb him.

Evidently he was in a deep thought.

Suddenly a cry arose from aloft.

"Light on the starboard bow!"

Karl started and cried.

"Quick! My night glass!"

The Silversail was approaching a small channel.

Karl took a hurried glance through the glass and uttered an exclamation:

"The Blue!"

"Who?" demanded Ivora.

"Our enemy, Conrad, the Blue Water Rover!"

"Impossible!" cried the young girl.

Karl was all action now.

"Quick, men! The lights!" he cried.

At this moment they were some distance

"Forward," thundered Conrad. Ned raised his foot for the fatal step.

from the dangerous channel called the Finger of Fire.

Ralph looked around for Ned.

He was nowhere to be seen.

Ralph was so occupied with the work of the sailors in putting out the lights that he had not noticed Ned's disappearance.

In the meantime Conrad and his ship were approaching.

In the blinding darkness officers and crew watched the approach of their enemy as clearly as they could by their own flickering lights.

"He will make the passage," said Karl, huskily; "whoever is at the helm knows the channel well."

"We will sell our lives as dearly as possible," said Lieutenant Calyo, "and Conrad will find no mean foe."

"We may escape him yet," said his commander hopefully; "I think I see a way."

At this stage Ivora looked around for Ned and Ralph.

"Where are the boys?" she asked.

In the brief respite following the exciting passage of the Finger of Fire no one had thought of the boys, who, it soon became evident, were not on deck.

"They've fallen," said Zack Deems. "I'm purty sure I see 'em steal down th' gangway soon after we entered th' channel."

An anxious search was immediately begun for the missing ones, which resulted in finding Ralph in his berth, and when aroused he blubbered:

"I'm sick! Oh, don't shake me so. I had an awful pain come on—"

"Where is Ned?"

"Dunno; ain't seen him. Maybe he had pain——"

After Ralph had seen the lights put out and being unable to find Ned, he descended the companion ladder to his berth, where Zack and the others found him.

As the search for the missing youth continued unavailing the searchers grew anxious.

"He's hidin' somewhere," persited Deems. "He looked mighty sheert when th' storm broke on."

But none of the others would believe this and when they had to give up the search for him it was unanimously decided that something of evil had befallen him.

"He must have fallen overboard," declared Calvo. "I am sure he was on deck and standing by the lee rail when we entered the passage of the Finger."

"I saw him, too," said Ivora, "and spoke to him. He did not seem one bit frightened. Something must have happened to him.

"He is overboard, Karl, can't a boat be lowered to find him? I will go in it."

"Nay, my sister, that would be useless; if he fell overboard, he must have drowned ere this, poor fellow. I am sorry for him."

"Oh, brother, we must rescue him. If a light was hung out he might see that and swim to the ship."

"But the light would betray us to our enemy, and we should all fall into their hands."

"What can we do? It seems like murder to stand here and do nothing. Even at this moment he may be in need of a friend."

By this time the light of the Winged Wind was at hand and continued to approach.

As it came nearer and nearer those on the Silversail grew more anxious, for it seemed as if they must be discovered.

At last, however, Karl said with a breath of relief:

"She veers to the port. She will pass us. We shall be saved!"

"If they do not see us tonight they will in the morning, the harbor is so small," said Lieutenant Calvo.

"If we are here," replied Captain Karl, significantly.

A few minutes later the order was given to weigh anchor, and amid a scene of silence and darkness the Silversail was gone.

Meanwhile, what has really happened to Ned Rayner?

As Calvo had said, he was standing by the lee rail watching the stormy scene as the Silversail forged her way along the winding passage to the little harbor.

He was so engrossed with the thrilling situation that he did not notice the approach of one of the sailors, who crept cautiously toward him, until suddenly he was felled a blow over the head which felled him backward senseless.

When he recovered his consciousness he found himself in the arms of the mercy of wind and waves.

He was a good swimmer and he at once struck out in the direction he supposed the Silversail had gone.

In the blinding gloom he could see nothing of the vessel, and, weighed down as he was with his clothes, he had little hope of being saved.

He was not one, however, to give up without a struggle, so he swam on and on against the breakers, which seemed most buri him upon the rocks on every hand.

How long he swam Ned could not tell, but he had nearly exhausted his energies, and he was about given up hope when a ship's light burst upon his gaze.

Ship ahoy! Help!" he shouted.

But the wind seemed to fling the words back into his teeth, and he shouted again and again without avail.

"Help, help, or I drown!"

CHAPTER VIII.

DEATH OR DISHONOR.

In the midst of Ned's despair something struck him in the face and coiled about his body like a serpent.

It was one of the vessel's towlines and he caught it without a with the clutch of a drowning man.

The next he knew he was lying upon a coil of rope on the deck of a ship and a dozen or more of swarthy visages were looking down upon him.

Not one of them was familiar to him and the scene around him was as he could see by the dim lantern light, was a strange one.

"Where am I?" he cried, starting to a sitting posture.

"He's come round," cried one of the onlookers. "Tell the chief."

In a moment a newcomer appeared, dressed in a gorgeous manner, and carrying in the scabbard lashed to his body a sword.

He seemed like a man of forty and would have been good looking had it not been for the cruel, murderous look gleaming from his countenance.

"Oh, ho!" he greeted, "so you have found life again. I never expected you would open your eyes again. You are pulled you in, and I should have ordered you thrown back into the sea like a dead fish, only for a passing fancy of mine."

"Who are you?" asked Ned, in a dazed, bewildered way, "and where am I?"

"I should put you down as a Yankee at once," replied the other, with a smile which displayed two rows of pearly teeth. "But to set your mind at rest I will inform you that you are on the saucy brig Winged Wind, and I am Conrad, the Blue Water King."

"Now, humble yourself, dog of an American, or I will feed my sword upon your worthless body!"

"I owe my life to you," replied Ned, undaunted; "but more than that I am not your debtor."

Instead of bowing before the other, he rose to his feet, defiantly facing him.

"You are impudent, if not more," retorted the corsair chief. "But I like you the better for it. Did you belong to the Silversail?"

"Ay, sir."

"Then you can give me information which may be worth your life. Whither has Karl Lorraine been?"

"To America, sir."

"Ah, I mistrusted as much. You shipped with him there?"

"Ay, sir."

"Whither is she bound?"

"I cannot tell you, sir."

"Beware, young man, how you answer. I have a way of forcing the truth from those who resort to deception.

"What was Karl Lorraine to America for?"

"I cannot tell you, sir. In fact, I know no more of his business than you."

"Bah, you lie now! But I will find a way to force the truth from you. You are young and the most to be saved to you. Now, sirrah, I have this proposition to make to you:

"Tell me Karl Lorraine's errand in America, whom he saw and whither he is now bound, and I will spare your life. If you fail to do so you must die."

"I can only repeat, sir, that I do not know."

"Sir!" exclaimed the corsair chief, stamping his foot furiously. "I have no time to waste in coaxing you. Once for all, I say, you shall answer by persuasions or swing from yonder yardarm. I will give you ten seconds in which to decide between life and death."

"One——"

Ned glanced hastily over the scene, to see not a single sympathetic countenance among that motley throng.

If he had been missed from the Silversail he realized he could not hope for succor from his friends.

The storm had seemed to abate somewhat and the corsair's brig rode easily at anchor in the little harbor, while lying in wait, as he felt confident, for the Silversail.

He could only meet death with such fortitude as he could command, and he resolved to show no trace of cowardice.

"Two, three, four, five," continued the corsair, in a slow, measured voice.

"Life is sweet; choose wisely; ten seconds are gone. What is your answer?"

"I have already given it," replied Ned, firmly.

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For a year's subscription to HOYT'S MONTHLY, a magazine of 32 pages, we will send any two rings shown in this advertisement absolutely free. All we require is that you send us 25 cents for a year's subscription to HOYT'S MONTHLY. This is a beautiful magazine and is very popular. We know that you will be pleased with your two rings and that you will be pleased with your year's subscription for it is filled with the best and most fascinating literature, money, time and science can buy. Besides the regular features of the magazine, such as the true stories from the great detective's note book, stories of stories of adventure, travel, discovery, love, heart and juvenile stories by Emma Oppee, in addition it will contain each month a full page picture of some prominent actress. We wish to introduce HOYT'S MONTHLY in every home and therefore make the most liberal offers ever presented to the readers of any paper. Remember you get two rings absolutely free to select from and a year's subscription and each ring will be sent you by return mail. If you do not like our subscription and ring we will refund your money. Remember we pay postage on everything. Address all orders to HOYT'S MONTHLY, 1899 Hoyt Building, Chicago. Write your name and address plainly and be sure to state which rings you want. Address all orders to HOYT'S MONTHLY, 1899 Hoyt Building, Chicago. Write your name and address plainly and be sure to state which rings you want. Address all orders to HOYT'S MONTHLY, 1899 Hoyt Building, Chicago.

HOYT'S MONTHLY, RING DEPARTMENT, HOYT BLDG., CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

"THE POT CALLED THE KETTLE BLACK."
BECAUSE THE HOUSEWIFE DIDN'T USE
SAPOLIO

"—— mean to say, young man, that you are fool enough to throw your life away without reason? Speak quickly if you would save your life."

"Sir, I have told you more than I would were I to answer your questions again. The truth from me is mocked by you."

A murmur not unmixed with admiration came from the spectators at this bold reply.

"I believe the boy has told the truth," said an old, weatherbeaten seadog, aside.

Conrad himself seemed inclined to this belief, and his next words showed a change in his tactics.

"I like your mettle, boy, though I cannot admire your judgment. I am going to give you one chance more."

As Ned did not speak he continued:

"Join our league and I will spare your life. What do you say, boy? Will you take the oath of allegiance to the Blue Water Rovers, to live a wild and a merry life, or die with your manhood all before you?"

Ned hesitated but a moment. Though his life had not been cast in pleasant ways, he had an inherent honesty which prompted him to choose the better if the more dangerous course. His answer to the corsair chief was firm and decided.

"Better death than dishonor!"

Conrad's thin lips curled with a smile of disdain.

"A plank!" he cried, quickly. "Let him return to the elements from which we saved him. Lively, too, for see, the storm is lifting and we must not delay longer here."

"Ahoy, lookout!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Can you see anything of the Silversail yet?"

"No, sir, and I can nearly see over the harbor, sir."

"Curse it, he possible the witch has eluded me? No, it is impossible. She must be in one of the coves."

"Lookout, keep your eyes open."

"Ay, ay, sir."

By this time a plank had been procured, and when the sailors had pinced it across the vessel's rail, with one end resting on the deck and the other reaching out over the water, Conrad ordered Ned forward to his doom.

His last spark of hope flown now, if he had had any before, Ned stepped upon the fatal plank.

When he had taken three steps and knew that the next would precipitate him into the sea he hesitated a moment.

His hands were securely bound behind him, and he knew he must drown.

"Forward!" thundered Conrad. "You seemed my office to save your life; now see if you have the courage to die!"

With a murmured prayer upon his lips, Ned raised his foot for the fatal step.

The stirring story of peril and adventure will be continued in next week's Ledger.

Hobbies of Royalties.

Those folks who possess a passion for hobbies—and their name is legion—will doubtless be interested in knowing that this particular characteristic is also exhibited by the blue blood of the earth, many princes and queens being hobby lovers in a most interesting and varied fashion, as the following authentic details will prove:

Queen Victoria is very fond of gardening, and all her children have been taught to dig and plant flowers and vegetables in season. Her majesty is also passionately fond of dogs and ponies, her special favorite being an old black pony named Jet.

The Duke of Edinburg is an ardent stamp collector, and now possesses one of the finest collection of stamps in the world.

The queen of Italy has a peculiar hobby. She delights in the collection of gloves, boots and shoes which have been worn at different periods by royal and imperial personages. She has a pair of white kid gloves and a fan which belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots; also shoes worn by Queen Anne and the Empress Josephine.

King Humbert of Italy takes great delight in amateur cooking, in which he shows no mean skill.

The Empress of Germany is quite a champion knitter and uses large wooden needles for the work she does.

The Empress of Japan is distinguished for her clever manipulation of the koto, a Japanese instrument resembling the zither.

She Wanted Bare Factr.

The mayor of a far western city recieved the following letter of inquiry:

"Kind and respected Sir—I gee in a paper that a man named John Bigelow was elected and et up by a bare whose kubs he was tryin to git when the she bare come up and stuck him by estin him in the mountaines near your town.

"What I want to know is, did it kill him, or was he only partly et up and is he from this place and all about the bare. I don't know but what he is a distant husband of mine.

"My first husband was of that name and I supposed he was killed in the war, but the name of the man the bare et being the same I thought it might be him after all and I ought to know if he wasn't killed either in the war or by the bare, for I have been married twice and there ought to be divorce papers got out by him or me if the bare did not eat him all up. If it is him, you will know it by his having six toes on the left foot.

"He also had a spread eagle tattooed in his front chest and a anker on his right arm which you will know him by if the bare did not eat up them two. If its being him, find out all you kin about him without his knowing what it is for. That is, if the bare did not eat him all up. If it did, I don't see as you can do anything and you needn't take no trouble. Please answer back.

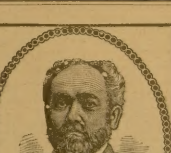
"P. S.—Was the bare killed? Also was he married again and did he leave any propty with me laying claime to?"

Marked Attention.

"His attentions to you have been marked, have they not?" said the young woman's experienced friend.

"Oh, yes. He has never taken the price off any of his presents."

Dr. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription



MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG AND SICK WOMEN WELL.

Is not the relative physical suffering of woman an injustice? Again fifteen to forty-five—that is from the dawn of womanhood until the change of life—the average woman spends just one-third of that thirty years in suffering more or less great. Ten years taken out of her life. Ten years taken out of the powers, the pleasures, the possibilities of life, and ten years of care and pain added to the normal burdens of life that fall alike on man and woman.

IS IT FAIR?

How many a woman, aching and miserable, moaning in the loneliness of her darkened chamber has asked that question: *"Is it fair?"* But there is a more important question to be asked before that question which arraigns impartial Nature at the bar of reason, and that great question is:

IS SUCH SUFFERING NECESSARY?

If it can be proved beyond a doubt that women who have suffered in this way have been cured, made sound and whole, their pains banished never to return, then it is proved that such suffering is not necessary for *some* women. And if again it can be proved that ninety-eight women out of every hundred without regard to age or the gravity of their disease, have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, of irregularities, inflammations, ulcerations, female weaknesses, and debilitating drains, then it is also proven that such suffering is unnecessary to *most* women. These facts have been proved and are being proved every day in the practice of Dr. Pierce and his staff of nearly a score of assistant physicians. Such letters as the following are features of the daily mails of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., where Dr. R. V. Pierce presides as chief consulting physician.

"I wrote you for advice February 4th, 1896," writes Mrs. Lena Halstead, of Sumac, Cherokee Nat., Ind. Ty. "I was packing with pain from the back of my head down to my heels. Had hemorrhage for weeks at a time, and was unable to sit up for ten minutes at a time. You answered my letter, advised me to use your valuable medicines, viz., Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Pellets,' also gave advice about injections, baths and diet. To my surprise, in four months from the time I began your treatment I was a well woman and have not had the backache since, and now I put in sixteen hours a day at hard work."

It is to be noted that Mrs. Halstead's cure began with a letter written to Dr. Pierce for advice. In tens of thousands of similar cases the cures

BEGIN WITH A LETTER

seeking advice, which is given absolutely without fee or condition. Free medical advice, is what Dr. Pierce offers every sick and ailing woman. Any one can make that offer. Only a physician can make it honestly and carry out its promise. The very trusting nature of woman makes her a mark for the schemes of the man who invites the correspondence of women, disguising himself as a woman, to win woman's confidence. Does any accredited doctor need to put on a woman's clothes to win a woman's confidence? The very fact that such disguise is used, and women are invited *by a man* to "write to a woman," shows that the one offering advice is not a qualified physician, and assumes a woman's dress to cover up the fact.

GENUINE MEDICAL ADVICE

cannot be given by a man or woman who is not a physician. Remember too that there are grades in medical experience and skill, and that Dr. Pierce with his staff of nearly a score of trained specialists, his more than thirty years' experience, and his record of over half-a-million women treated, with ninety-eight in every hundred cured, offers you free, more skilful service than money can buy outside the great cities, where such skill can be bought, but only by the wealthy. The proof of Dr. Pierce's special skill lies in the fact that a large part of his cures have been performed in cases where the local physicians had utterly failed to give help.

"I write you to let you know the great benefit I have received from your medicines, and by following your advice regarding self-treatment at home," writes Mrs. Belana Hickerson, of 421 Rice Street, Dr. Paul, Minn. "When I first wrote you I had been to three different doctors and two of them said I would never get better without going to the hospital for an operation. I just sat down and cried and said, 'If I have to die, I will die at home with my two dear little ones.' I had a miscarriage in May last and was weak all summer. I was not able to do anything. If I would get up and walk to the kitchen and back I would have to lie in bed for a day or sometimes two days. Last August I picked up one of Dr. Pierce's pamphlets and read of his wonderful work. I wrote to him for information and received an answer within three days from the day I wrote, advising me to try his medicines. *Now* I have used six bottles of his 'Favorite Prescription' and six of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and the result is just wonderful. I did not tell the doctors what I was taking. I have not been so well since the day I received the first letter from Dr. Pierce, and I feel as good as I ever did before I had the miscarriage. I was so nervous I had to have some one by my side all the time even in day time, and I could hardly eat anything. I took treatment from a doctor twice a week, and every time I would go home I was sick, but since I quit all the doctors and began taking your medicines I gained about ten pounds. I have gained in weight the last four months. I weighed 135 when I began taking your medicines (in August) and now I am up to my usual weight, 145. I cannot thank you enough for your wonderful medicines, and I wish you could see women in the treatment of whom you have had in mine. I am as well and feel as good as ever."

HALF A MILLION WOMEN

could be put on the stand to testify that "Favorite Prescription" takes away the sadness of mind and pain of body which waiting mothers so often suffer; that it makes the baby's coming a natural thing, and therefore practically painless; that it gives strength to nurse and nourish the little one into robust childhood, and makes a "happy household chime for weans and wife."

Write to Dr. Pierce, and so avoid the unpleasant questions, indelicate questions, and offensive local treatments, generally considered necessary by the average practitioner. Your letter will be read in private, answered in private and its contents guarded as a private confidence. All letters are answered promptly, each reply being sent in a plain envelope bearing no printing upon it. Write without fee and without fear. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Free. Dr. Pierce's Common-Sense Medical Adviser, containing 1008 pages, is sent free on request. This great work discusses questions of vital interest to every woman, married or single. It is sent absolutely free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper covered edition, or 31 stamps for the same edition in strong and handsome cloth covers. Address Dr. Pierce as above.

IT CONTAINS NO NARCOTICS AND NO ALCOHOL IN ANY FORM!

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

THE BEETLE'S JOURNEY.

(Continued from page eleven.)

he translated the Beetle's name into Latin, and told all about his kind. The older scholar voted for carrying him home with them. They had some more just like him, he said; the cat was not very polite, the Beetle thought, and he flew out of the speaker's hand. He flew quite a bit, as he now had dry wings, and he reached a large field, where in the nicest way a sash of the glass roof was partly open. He quietly slipped in and buried himself in the warm earth.

"It is just right here," said he.

Soon after he fell asleep, and dreamed that the Emperor's horse had fallen, and that the Beetle had got his golden shoes with the promise of two more.

That was all very charming, and when the Beetle woke, he crept out and looked around him. How grand it was in the hothouse! Great palm-trees grew up to the roof; the sun made them transparent, and beneath them there was a mass of green, and flowers bloomed red as fire, yellow as amber, or white as fresh-fallen snow.

"There never was such a lot of plants," cried the Beetle. "How good they will taste when they begin to rot! A capital storeroom this! Some of my family must be living here. I will just look about and see if I can find anyone with whom I may keep company, and be sociable, certainly, and I'm proud of being proud."

And so he went about and thought of his dream about the dead horse, and the golden shoes that had come to him.

All at once the Beetle startled the Beetle, and pressed him, and turned him round and round.

The gardener's little son and a companion had come to the hot-house, had spied the Beetle, and wanted to have some fun with him. First, he was wrapped in a wise-leaf, and then put into the boy's trousers pocket. He scrabbled and crabbed about there with all his might, but he got a good squeeze from the boy's hand, and then they went quickly toward the large pond that lay at the end of the garden. Here the Beetle was put in an old broken wooden shoe, a little stick was placed upright for a mast, and to this mast the Beetle was bound with a woolen thread. Now he was the captain, and had to sail away.

It was a great big lake, as it seemed to the Beetle, a real ocean, and he was so astonished that he fell over on his back, and kicked out with his legs.

The wooden shoe sailed away. There was a current in the water, but whenever the vessel went too far out, one of the boys turned up his trousers and went in after it, and brought it back to hand. But when it was again in the current, the boys were called away very loudly, too; so off they went, and left the wooden shoe to be a wooden shoe if it drew away from the shore, farther and farther into the open sea; it was awful for the Beetle; he could not fly away, for he was bound to a mast.

Then a Fly came and paid him a visit. "What fine weather we are having!" said the Fly. "I'll rest here, and sun myself. You are having a good time."

"Talk of what you have all about it," replied the Beetle. "Don't you see that I'm tied?"

"Ah! but I'm not tied," said the Fly; and off he flew away.

"Well, now I know the world," said the Beetle to himself. "It's a mean world, I'm the only honest man in it. Formerly I used to confuse me my golden shoes; then I have to be my golden shoes, and to stand in danger, and at last beggar myself with a wife. If I had a wife to step out into the world, and see how it is out there, I think I should ought to be, one of these boys comes soon and ties me up out on the wild sea. And all the while the Emperor's horse goes about in golden shoes. That is what annoys me more than all. But one must not look for pity in this world." Our hero has been very interesting; but what's the use of that, if nobody knows it? The world does not deserve to be enlightened by the golden shoes in the Emperor's stable, when the horse stumbles and breaks its feet to be shod. If I had got golden shoes, I should look fine, and so should I, when I was in stable has lost me, and the world has lost me. It is all over."

But it was not yet over. A boat came along with some young girls in it.

"See, a mast," said one; "the shoe sailing along," said one of the girls.

And the boat came near and tied fast on it," said another.

The boat came quite close to the wooden shoe, they picked it up, and one of the girls drew a small pair of scissors from her pocket, and cut the woolen thread without hurting the Beetle; and when she stepped ashore she put him down on the grass.

"Creep, creep—fly—if thou canst," she said. "Freedom is a fine thing."

And the Beetle flew straight in at the open window of a great building; there he crept into a hole in the wall, into a long crane of the Emperor's horse, who stood in the stable where he had the Beetle were. The Beetle clung fast to the mane, and sat there a little while before he found to himself.

"Here I am sitting on the Emperor's horse—sitting on him; but like a rider. What do I mean by it? Oh, yes! I remember. That's a good idea and quit correct. Why the horse has got the golden shoes! That is what he asked me, the Smith. Now I see very clearly. That is all been for my sake."

And now the Beetle was in good temper again.

"One gets his head clear by travel," said he.

The sun shone in upon him, and shone on him.

"The world is not so bad upon the whole," he said. "One must only know how to take it." The world was charming, because the Emperor's horse had golden shoes. Suddenly the Beetle flew off.

"Now I'll get down and see the other beetles and tell them how much he has done for me. I will tell all the bass I have had on my travels, and I will say that I shall stay at home as long as the horse keeps his gold shoes shine."

The Use of Her Drinks.

Hot drinks have come into wide use during late years and are sometimes afflicted with indigestion. A tepid fluid exerts a marked sedative influence on the gastric mucous membrane and often relieves the painful irritation from fretting the mucous of a chronic dyspeptic.

It is recognized, perhaps, to the influence of hot drinks on the motor functions of the stomach. In the ordinary course of events nothing remains in the stomach two hours after a meal, and the presence of alimentary debris after that period indicates the presence of some degree of muscular paresis. This condition of things can be greatly benefited by the use of hot water with or immediately after meals, but in chronic cases permanent benefit cannot be obtained by perseverance, the treatment being methodically carried out for some months. As might be anticipated, the hot water treatment does not strengthen the secretory defects in the same degree as the muscular weakness, but by maintaining the stomach in a hygienic condition we have every reason hope to check further degradation of the peptic glands. The quantity of hot drinks should be from 10½ to 11½ degrees Fahrenheit.

Farina Pudding

Two tablespoonfuls of farina, two eggs, two heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, one pint of milk and two teaspoonfuls of orange or vanilla extract. Put the milk on the stove, and before it comes to the boiling point stir in the farina. Cook about ten minutes, draw to a cooler part of the stove and stir in the sugar, the yolks of the eggs and sugar beaten together; now remove from the stove, and when partly cooled add the flavoring and the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Sauce: Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, a cupful of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of boiling water to moisten it, and a pint, which has been heated in a double boiler; cook, stirring all the time, until the sauce has thickened and there is no suggestion of rawness in taste; flavor, when cold, with vanilla and pour over the pudding.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Chicken Hash on Rice Toast.

This is an excellent way of using up remnants of poultry, and is prepared by trimming off the meat from the bones; remove the skin, cut the meat fine, put it in a small saucepan with water to moisten it, and a little butter, with salt and white pepper. Have ready some rice toast, which may be been cooled with a weight on it, so it will keep like shape. Cut in slices half an inch thick, arrange on the double broiler and toast to a delicate brown. Lay on a hot platter, butter them, put a spoonful of the chicken on each and serve. A poached egg served with each slice makes an excellent breakfast dish.

Cure for Chilblains.

plaster of the yolk of an egg thickened with salt applied to the seat of acute pain will often relieve.

A MARVELOUS WOMAN.

(Continued from page five.)

impetuously. "Pardon me if I speak too freely," he continued, humbly, "but I served your father before you, and—and I cannot bear the thought that strangers may one day reign in the home of the de Kercheval's."

Count de Kercheval sprang to his feet and walked several times back and forth the length of the room. He bit his thin lips and his long fingers twitched nervously.

At length he turned and laid his hand on the old steward's shoulder.

"Jean," he said, "I must have money or I shall be ruined and disgraced."

"Ruined—disgraced!" faltered Jean.

"Yes," said the count, bending nearer to the steward and lowering his voice. "Listen, Jean, the fortune of my wife which was, as you know, settled upon Armande and Marguerite, to be delivered up to them absolutely when they shall have reached the age of twenty-five, I—I have spent."

The old man's face blanched; he stared, with horrified eyes, into Count de Kercheval's. Knowing well the views of his master, Jean guessed pretty accurately how the money had been squandered.

Count de Kercheval turned away from the sight of the old man's white face and threw himself into a chair.

"What matters not how the money has gone," he said. "So far as Marguerite is concerned I intend that she shall marry the Marquis de St. Maur. He is rich and the loss of her fortune will matter but little."

"But Monsieur Armande—she is a year will be twenty-five years of age?" murmured Jean. "What will you say to Monsieur Armande when he shall demand his fortune?"

"I must confess all and throw myself on his mercy," replied the count. "God knows how dear the boy is to me, though I have wronged him. But there still remains a year before I must render an account. In the meanwhile, I must have money to make Armande his allowance, or all will come to light."

"A year will soon pass," said Jean. "Why not confess all to Monsieur Armande now and not further wrong him by depriving him of his birthright?"

"I must have this year of respite. God, man! you do not know what agony is mine when I think that I may lose the love and respect of the boy! I often wish I possessed the courage to put a bullet into my brain and end it all!"

He poured himself a glass of wine, which he drank and then rose to his feet.

"I must join my daughter," he said. "The Marquis de St. Maur will give us a visit this evening. This matter of the mortgage must be attended to immediately, Jean."

"Shall I see it is done?" asked Monsieur le Comte," replied the old man, sadly, as he left the apartment."

Count de Kercheval ascended to the drawing room.

Marguerite tossed aside the book she was reading and greeted him with a smile.

"I thought you were never coming, papa," she said. "I was getting quite frightened at the idea that I might have to receive Monsieur St. Maur alone."

The Count de Kercheval could make any reply the door was thrown open and the servant announced:

"The Marquis St. Maur."

This thrilling and dramatic story of love and hate will be continued in next week's Ledger. See special subscription offer on page fifteen.

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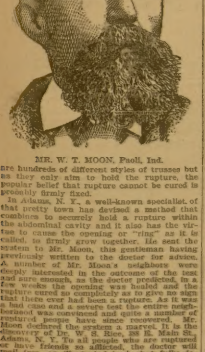
Marvelous Effect of a System That Heals Perfectly.

Citizen of Paoli, Ind., Tries the Plan With Wonderful Success.

Considerable local interest has been aroused at Paoli, Ind., by the recent cure of the rupture of W. T. Moon, a prominent citizen of that locality. Heretofore rupture has been considered an incurable malady. There



MR. W. T. MOON, Paoli, Ind.

are hundreds of different styles of trusses but as they only aim to hold the rupture, the popular belief that rupture cannot be cured is possibly firmly fixed.

In Adams, N. Y., a well-known specialist of that profession has discovered a method that combines to securely hold a rupture within the abdominal walls, and also has the virtue to cause the opening or "ring" as it is called, to firmly grow together. He sent the system to Mr. Moon, this gentleman having previously written to the doctor for advice. A number of Mr. Moon's neighbors were deeply interested in the outcome of the test for rupture within the past few months, and the moment the opening was healed and the rupture closed, they began to give no sign that there ever had been a rupture. As it was a bad case, the severe test the entire neighborhood was convinced and quite a number of ruptured persons have since received it. Mr. Moon declared he regarded a rupture in the discovery of Dr. W. A. Collings, M. Main St., Adams, N. Y. To all people who are ruptured or have friends so afflicted, the doctor will mail free, an illustrated book that fully describes his home cure for rupture. Write for it. Do so at once since to know that there is a permanent cure for rupture will renew the hope of many men and women who are now despairing under the mistaken belief that they cannot be cured.

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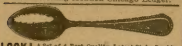

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